WOULD YOU MARRY A MOVIE STAR IF YOU COULD?

# MOVIE WEEKLY

APRIL 28, 1923

TEN CENTS

*English King Angry at Charlie Chaplin*

*"Early Marriage Will Protect Your Daughter"* says HEDDA HOPPER

SHIRLEY VERNON
Photo by IRA D. SCHWARZ

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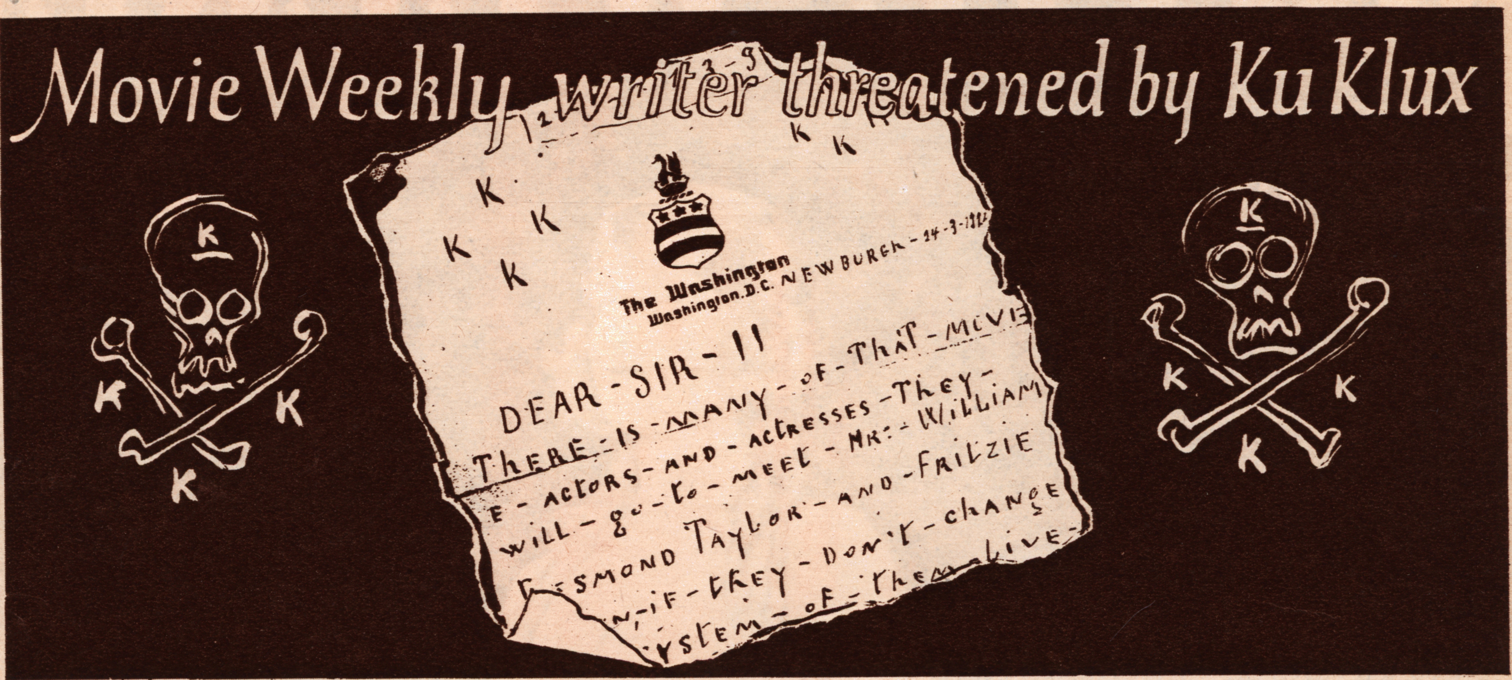


## A Mysterious Missive

In a recent issue of Movie Weekly, there appeared an article by T. Howard Kelly, entitled "Is There a Ku Klux Klan in the Movies?" Mr. Kelly, who is one of the editorial staff of Movie Weekly, attempted in his article to suggest that possibly a secret and sinister organization existed within the motion picture industry that accounted in part, or in whole, for the murder of William D. Taylor, the well-known screen director, and the death of Fritzi Mann, a dancer in a Frisco cabaret.

Promptly upon the publication of this article in Movie Weekly, and because of it, Mr. Kelly received a mysterious letter containing a threat against his life if he persisted in linking the Taylor and Mann murder mysteries with the so-called Ku Klux Klan.

In next week's issue of Movie Weekly will appear a photographic reproduction of the letter, as well as the whole story of the threat in which Mr. Kelly will answer his mysterious correspondent and unknown enemy, who has thus sought to intimidate him into silence.

Mr. Kelly is a fighting Irishman and his silence on any matter at all is not to be obtained by threats. And so in next week's issue you will read of the subsequent and mysterious telephone calls he received—first a man's voice, harsh and angry, then a woman's—soft and pleading, and you will learn what he said to his unknown enemies over the telephone.

It was an earful, and then some!

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## Moreover

In addition to which there will be "What the Censors Are Making Us Miss," an absorbing article on the parts of pictures that are deleted by the censor officials, that points an amusing moral.

"The Movie Magnate Who Was Once a Famous Cartoonist's Office Boy" concerns the career of B. P. Schulberg of Preferred Pictures, who served his business apprenticeship to R. L. Goldberg, the well-known author of "Foolish Questions" and "Mike and Ike—They Look Alike."

Shannon Day, the former Ziegfeld Follies beauty, who is now in pictures, will tell why it is a simple matter for a Follies girl to marry a rich man. Miss Day, who made her last screen appearance with Lon Chaney in "All the Brothers Were Valiant," knows whereof she speaks when it comes to the Follies and its legion of ravishing girls.

Mae Marsh, the Griffith screen star, who will be seen shortly in "The White Rose," tells "Why My Baby Has Made Me a Better Actress." Miss Marsh's return to the screen, after her marriage and retirement, is awaited with welcome interest, and the advent of her baby boy, according to her own story, presages still greater heights in screen art that this winsome young person will climb to.

Watch for next week's Movie Weekly. On the newsstands—Thursday, May 2nd.

### *This Week's Cover*

Is Shirley Vernon, a Ziegfeld "Follies" girl.

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# Early marriage will protect your daughter declares Hedda Hopper

*Well known* screen *actress* deplores *tendency* among *younger set* to run *wild*—Calls *marriage "safety valve"*

*An interview with* David A. Balch

**"After a girl is married," said *Hedda Hopper*, "she can take care of herself better than before. If she can't, then that's *her* fault."**

SHE CAME into the palm room of the Ritz Carlton Hotel with a grace and dignity that were charming to watch, and she greeted us with a pleasant, cordial warmth that made us understand why so many people liked her. She was Hedda Hopper, screen star and mother, and the author of some of the startling statements that you will presently read in this interview. In addition to this, as we presently learned, she was all that Fanny Brice called "Camille" and that was "awfully good company."

"Mrs. Hopper," we said, smiling, after she had led us, with Ben Conlon, her publicity man, to a lower region of the Ritz and we were seated before some pastry and tea: "What sensational subject, rich in human interest for our readers, can I quote you on without fear of—when it's printed—your never speaking to me again?"

"Well," Mrs. Hopper returned, looking at us through quizzical, narrowed eyes, "I've just returned from Paris. Shall I tell you about some things I saw over there?"

"You may," we returned, "but not for publication. No," we added, "it must be something of vital interest to young America, a subject that they can apply to themselves, for young America, like everyone else in this best of all possible worlds, is only interested in itself—first, last, and all the time."

Mrs. Hopper lowered her clear grey eyes to a piece of toast she was holding and considered it for a moment in silence. We thought, as we watched her, that she was really very lovely—not the perishable bloom of the girl, but the ripened, enduring beauty of womanhood, made strong and alluring by the very consciousness of its stability and its strength.

"Then," she replied finally, looking up again, "I think I had better talk about 'Young America' itself, for it is a subject I feel very strongly upon."

WE SETTLED back comfortably, after a long sip of orange pekoe, uncertain as to just what was coming, but prepared for anything. Somehow we felt we could trust Mrs. Hopper to say something good in a nice way. Nor were we in the least disappointed.

"Do you see those young people over there?" Mrs. Hopper asked, indicating a nearby table where some rouged-lipped girls of the flapper variety sat chattering together in febrile animation.

We nodded, still puzzled as to what was coming.

"Well," Mrs. Hopper declared emphatically, "I can't tell you too clearly how strongly I disapprove of the general decadence of the younger set of the present day. To me, their actions are in many cases simply demoralizing and I wonder what their parents can be thinking about to permit them to do the things they do."

"You mean——" we began slowly, seeking for the precise meaning back of her words that was causing her intense earnestness.

"I mean the cigarette-smoking, flask-carrying type of flapper who walks out of boarding-school and into the arms of a man where she doesn't nor ever could belong; the average young girl of good family who is throwing herself away in the simply reckless fashion that so many do, regardless of the divine purpose of womanhood, which is marriage and motherhood."

"Oh, but Mrs. Hopper!" we remonstrated gently, "you wouldn't welcome a return to mid-Victorian prudery, would you, in which the mere mention of certain articles of household furniture is even regarded as taboo?"

Mrs. Hopper smiled suddenly, charmingly, and shook her head quickly.

"No," she responded, "heaven forbid! But I do deprecate the present order, in which wild parties figure so prominently among the younger folk. Why, if I had a daughter—thank heaven, my own child is a boy!—I'd be simply heart-broken if I saw her doing what other women's daughters that I know do. It would be altogether more than I could ever stand."

We considered a space over another sip of orange pekoe and a bite or two of French pastry.

"Well," we said at length, "what sort of a solution do you offer?"

MRS. HOPPER smiled suddenly again—the same delightful smile that shows such an instant, ardent change of mood, and shook her head once more.

"I'd advise matrimony!" she declared.

"Matrimony?" we echoed slowly.

"Yes," she nodded. "If I had a daughter, I'd have her marry the minute she came out of boarding school, and then I'd trust to luck that she'd live happily ever after."

We stared at her silently for a moment, turning the thought over in our mind.

"Do you think marriage would keep her as she should be?" we asked.

"I do," Mrs. Hopper replied emphatically. "Perhaps it wouldn't offer the ideal solution, but, in most cases, it would act as a safety valve that is much needed in this present day complicated order of existence."

"Yes," we nodded slowly in agreement. "Fifteen—eighteen years ago, if a girl did what many do without a qualm nowadays, she would have been considered a 'fallen woman.' Nowadays, it's

(*Continued on page* 28)

# English King for hobnobbing

By

T. Howard Kelly

Doug and Mary in their California home.

*His Royal Majesty, George V, King of England,* **who recently censured two of his royal family for indecorous behavior with movie stars on the coast.**

DEAH ol' Lunnon town is now buzzing from its famous bridge to Buckingham Palace over the fact that King George the Fifth gave his kith and kin, Lord and Lady Mountbatten, a bally bit of his royal mind for having hobnobbed in America with Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and other illustrious scions of the silver sheet.

From a most reliable source I have learned that George was so indignant over his cousins' "carrying on" in Hollywood while on a recent visit out there, that he registered purple ire the moment he set eyes on the pair, and could utter only a few apoplectic words. However, his few words must have been the kind that inspired a well-known American lady to tell the Queen of Belgium in New York that she had "said a mouthful." They are the crux of conversation in smart circles these days.

Before going into the details of this deplorable story of alleged unlordly and unladyish conduct, as blamed upon the two Mountbattens by His Majesty, I want to ask the indulgence of my readers. This is the first time I have ever had occasion to write about the formalities, the mannerisms, and the swank-swank (if you know what I mean), that obtain in the titled and royal realms of English society. Consequently both my typewriter and I feel a bit backward about coming forward with something that hints of aristocratic scandal. If you will bear with us for a while, we will try to approach matters without making anything too obvious. In other words, we will try to set down a story that your little sixteen-year-old flapper daughter may read with impunity.

I must say, without much further ado, however, that my American sense of "a man's a man" makes me boil over when I think that English nobility and royalty turns up a proud nose at the idea of their titles mixing things up with ours! Verily, the King of England doesn't give a tick of his wrist watch for our American crowns.

Evidently he sniffs at the idea, or ignores it, that Charles Spencer Chaplin is the international King of Comedy! And, may I humbly direct His Majesty's attention to the universally accepted belief in the States that Mary Pickford is not only the sweetheart of America, but the queen of a million men's hearts? Also has George so far forgotten his history as to push a doughty knight like Robin Hood Fairbanks into the crowds that must forever yodel "Hail the King!" from mighty distances afar?

Tut . . . Tut . . . an' a ha' penny, George, for such undemocratic sentiments. Your Majesty's attitude does little credit to your sterling son, Prince of Wales and regular fellow the world over.

The three persons mostly concerned in the attitude of the King towards Lord of Mountbatten and his wife, Lady Edwina, are Chaplin, Mary and Doug. They have, with the reserve and dignity of royalty itself, refused to be drawn into an altercation with the fifth George of England. After offering the hospitality of their sumptuous mansions to 'is lord and 'er ladyship on their tour of the Americas, it must be annoying indeed to see how such hospitality is received by Mountbatten's kinfolks back home.

CHARLIE, always willing to come forward and tell a story that has a chance of being published, said he preferred to keep a stiff upper lip about everything. Maybe he is figuring on getting back at all this lord and lady business when he marries Pola Negri. You know she was a Countess herself once—the Countess Dombski.

Mr. Chaplin, himself from the music halls of the King's home town, refused pointblank to say whether or not it is true that Sir Mountbatten stepped into his (Mister Chaplin's) make-up and did an impression of Charlie on the Fairbanks' greensward.

Of course, if 'is lordship was guilty of wearing Charlie's screen clothes, and if the King really knows this to be a fact . . . well, I can't blame his monarchy for being sort of peeved at his monocleship. Such carryings on ought to be copyrighted by Charlie. The idea of an English lord coming over and stealing Charlie's American-brewed stuff!

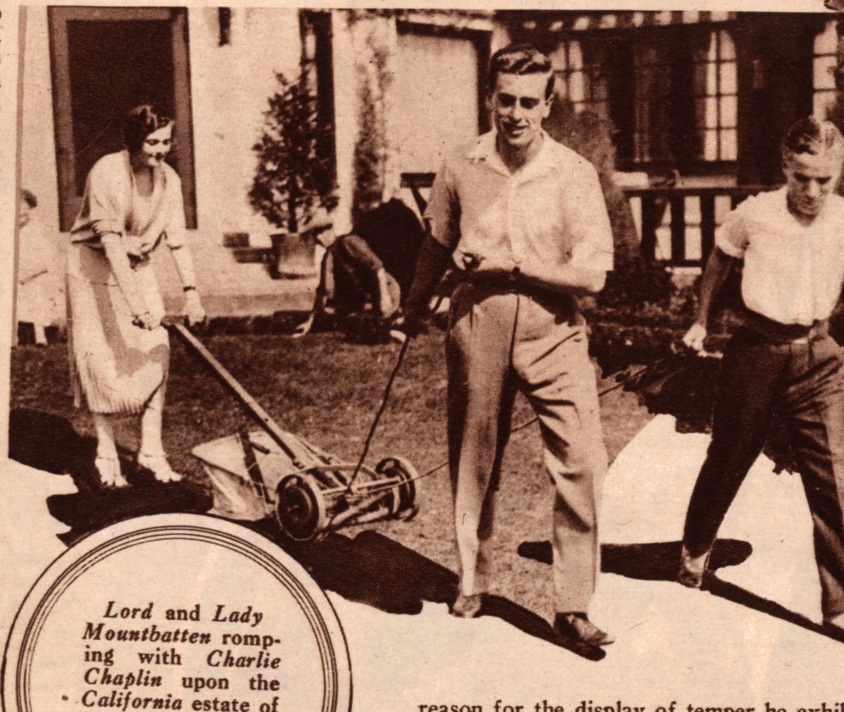
Can you imagine what the old thing's feet must

# Rebukes Nobility with movie folk

### *His Majesty*, King George, *issues* royal *reprimand* to *Lord and Lady Mountbatten* for *"carrying on"* while *guests* of *Doug and Mary* in *California*

**Charlie Chaplin** in a humorous moment from *"The Pilgrim."*

have looked like in that pair of Charlie's shoes? I'll bet Mounty lost all his svelte lines when they poured him into Chaplin's pants. An eye witness is said to have seen Lord Mountbatten attired in this Chaplin outfit and hitched to a lawnmower, which 'is lordship pulled over the grass of the Fairbanks' estate at Beverly Hills. Just what the objective was no one seems able to say. There is one thing certain. Mountbatten was not doing it to earn his board and keep at the Pickford - Fairbanks home, because they were regularly invited guests, and there was no tariff.



*Lord* and *Lady Mountbatten* romping with *Charlie Chaplin* upon the *California* estate of *Douglas Fairbanks* and *Mary Pickford*.

THE KING, it seems, also heard that 'er ladyship used the same lawnmower to give a demonstration of how to push a perambulator. This evidence found its way to the chambers of the King through a photograph which someone in the party had been indiscreet enough to take. Also there were other pictures brought before the King, revealing close-ups of the relatives in the company of Chaplin.

No matter how these things may have upset the King's peace and good-will, there is absolutely no reason for the display of temper he exhibited over the fact that his relative-subjects met three of our greatest moving picture stars on terms of social equality. His conduct in this affair reminds me of the cloudburst of protest that followed Lady Diana Manner's decision to become a movie star. Well, Lady Diana had the courage of her convictions. I hope Lord Mountbatten will show a little individual backbone and tell George where to get off if he ever brings this disagreeable subject up again.

The American language also came in for a great lambasting when the King chided Lord and Lady Mountbatten for their romp in filmland. Unfortunately for 'is lordship, he replied to a question of the King in the following manner:

"How do you get that way? We didn't do any shootin'. Just stepped out a little. Hot dawg! Didn't we got fun!"

That cooked Lord Mountbatten's goose.

The King again registered purple ire . . . and smote the air with his incensed fists. He called for his Morris chair and a bowl of ale. In that black moment of slang, Mountbatten probably lost all chance of ever inheriting a shilling from the King's bankroll.

IT MUST have been a terrible shock to the King to learn that his two subjects had given up English for American. The gossips of Lunnon town have it that the Gartership of the Black Knight, or something like that, is going to be denied Lord Mountbatten on this account. Poor deah, whatever will he do?

It's all right enough to smile at what we in America call the whims and fancies, or the caprices of a king. But, it's a bleeding shame, in my humble opinion, that our movie stars should be embarrassed by such highbrow airs as the King is putting on. Furthermore, it's a slap in the face at our principles of American democracy. And, fans, after all we are Americans and must hang together for our rights or else be snubbed by folks that think they are better'n we are.

(*Continued on page 30*)

# JEALOUS WIVES—in the Movies

This isn't a very friendly looking little tea party in *"You Can't Fool Your Wife."* In fact, it looks as if *Julia Swayne Gordon* would like to spill tea all over *Leatrice Joy*.

Wouldn't you like to know what *Lois Wilson* and *Pola Negri* are saying to each other in this scene from *"Bella Donna?"* Certainly they're not wishing each other a *Merry Christmas.*

*Jack Holt* and *Eva Novak* seem to be giving each other "the glad hand" in *"The Tiger's Claw."* And *Aileen Pringle* in the background is giving them both what is known as a "dirty look."

Fortunately *Ann Perdue* and *Grace Darmond* are two well-bred young ladies in this scene from *"Daytime Wives."* Otherwise, it looks as if the fur would fly all over the place.

*Clara Kimball Young* as *"The Woman of Bronze,"* seems just a little peevish at *Kathryn McGuire*. This isn't our idea of a friendly party.

"I can explain everything," said *John Bowers to Jane Novak*, as husbands do say, especially in movies. *Margaret Livingston* is the "ooh-la-la" lady in the background.

"Brazen hussy!" says *Kathlyn Williams* to *Bebe Daniels'* picture in *"The World's Applause."* And that, as the result shows, was a cutting remark.

# Must One Have Suffered to Portray Emotion?

## "YES," says MAE COLLINS

*To Ruth Mabrey*

***Dainty* little *screen star* who was once *engaged* to marry *Charlie Chaplin* declares *suffering* opens the *door* to *artistic* achievement**

WHEN you see your favorite screen actress tearing her hair and her handkerchief and sobbing all over the stage davenport, do you ever wonder how she does it? How, as the cartoonist says, she gets that way?

Well, you needn't wonder any more. The explanation is simple.

It is suffering that has taught her to do it. Probably in her private life she has suffered—and suffered—and suffered!

And yet, when you watch some of these young actresses without even a wrinkle to mar their beauty, it doesn't seem possible that they could have suffered much. Then how do they portray emotion?

Mae Collins seemed a good person of whom to demand an explanation. She has the smoothest, most peaches and cream complexion in the world, the kind the advertisements all tell you about. Surely, one would think, Miss Collins has never had a care in her life, never even had her feelings hurt—so unwrinkled is her brow. And yet she is a very successful young actress, now playing the leading feminine role in "Give and Take," a Broadway stage production.

"Must an actress have suffered in order to portray emotion?" we asked Miss Collins, surreptitiously shoving aside a Pekingese who fell in love with us at sight. We don't like Pekes; they're too pop-eyed.

"Please pardon the way I look," Mae apologized. "I didn't know it was so late. I haven't had time to dress, and I look perfectly terrible."

But if all women looked as nice as Mae Collins in their negligeed moments, the beauty parlors would soon fade away for lack of business. She wore a dark blue silk kimona with flowing sleeves lined with red. She has bobbed hair of a decided golden shade, and blue eyes and dimples.

"Yes," she replied, in answer to our original question, "I do think suffering is necessary before one can really show emotion on the stage or screen."

"You do?" we exclaimed in surprise. Somehow we had expected a different answer from the dimpled Mae.

CERTAINLY I do. Of course, in my own life there haven't been any real tragedies—at least what anyone else would consider tragedies. But I have had my share of disappointments, troubles that seemed pretty big to me, even though they might be rather trivial from someone else's point of view."

"And did they help you in your stage work?" we queried.

"Yes, indeed they did, but I noticed the effect of such experiences only subconsciously. I mean, for instance, if I play a girl whose mother died, I don't consciously stop and think how I felt when my mother died. I try to put myself in the position of the character I am playing and ask myself how she would feel in certain circumstances. When her mother dies or her sweetheart deserts her, I figure out to myself just how that type of girl would feel. And subconsciously, all the experiences in the background of my life help me to realize how she would feel."

That sounds very involved, of course, but giving a good stage performance is a lot deeper than it appears on the surface.

WE PUSHED the Peke on the floor again and he sniffed at our ankles.

"All my life," continued Miss Collins, "I have wanted to be successful as an actress, and every time anything happened to me I would say to myself, 'Now, I must remember how I felt when this happened.' Remembering all your emotions and storing them away in the back of your head is a very important factor in making a good actress. If you don't know how it feels to have a great sorrow, how can you put the right feeling into a scene of grief on the stage?"

"You couldn't," we agreed. "I mean, I couldn't," we corrected, remembering that it was more tactful to speak only of our own limitations. And we knew perfectly well we hadn't suffered half enough to portray any stage emotion.

"Oh, and another thing," we urged breathlessly, "when you play a love scene, do you have a very impersonal feeling about it, very matter-of-fact, this-is-only-stage-love-making kind of feeling, or does it really thrill you a little?"

"Well, you have to get into the spirit of the scene, of course," said Miss Collins. "The moment you let yourself realize that you don't mean a word of it, your love scene is going to fall flat. You've got to make yourself feel for the moment that you really are in love with the man who plays the scene with you. And, of course, he has to have the same attitude."

"Then that's settled," we said in relief, knowing how all the fans gasp with envy when some movie caveman makes violent love to the leading lady, and how all the feminine hearts flutter to know whether the leading lady is really as thrilled as she looks, or whether she is saying to herself, "Oh, well, this is all the bunk, anyhow."

"I do think suffering is necessary," said *Miss Collins*, "before one can really show emotion on the screen."

"And about joy?" we asked. "If you have to have suffered to portray grief, must you have had any joyful experiences in order to show great glee?"

"But that isn't an emotion," protested Mae. "Joy is something everyone knows at some time and there's nothing difficult about playing it on the stage. It's just a mood, rather than an emotion."

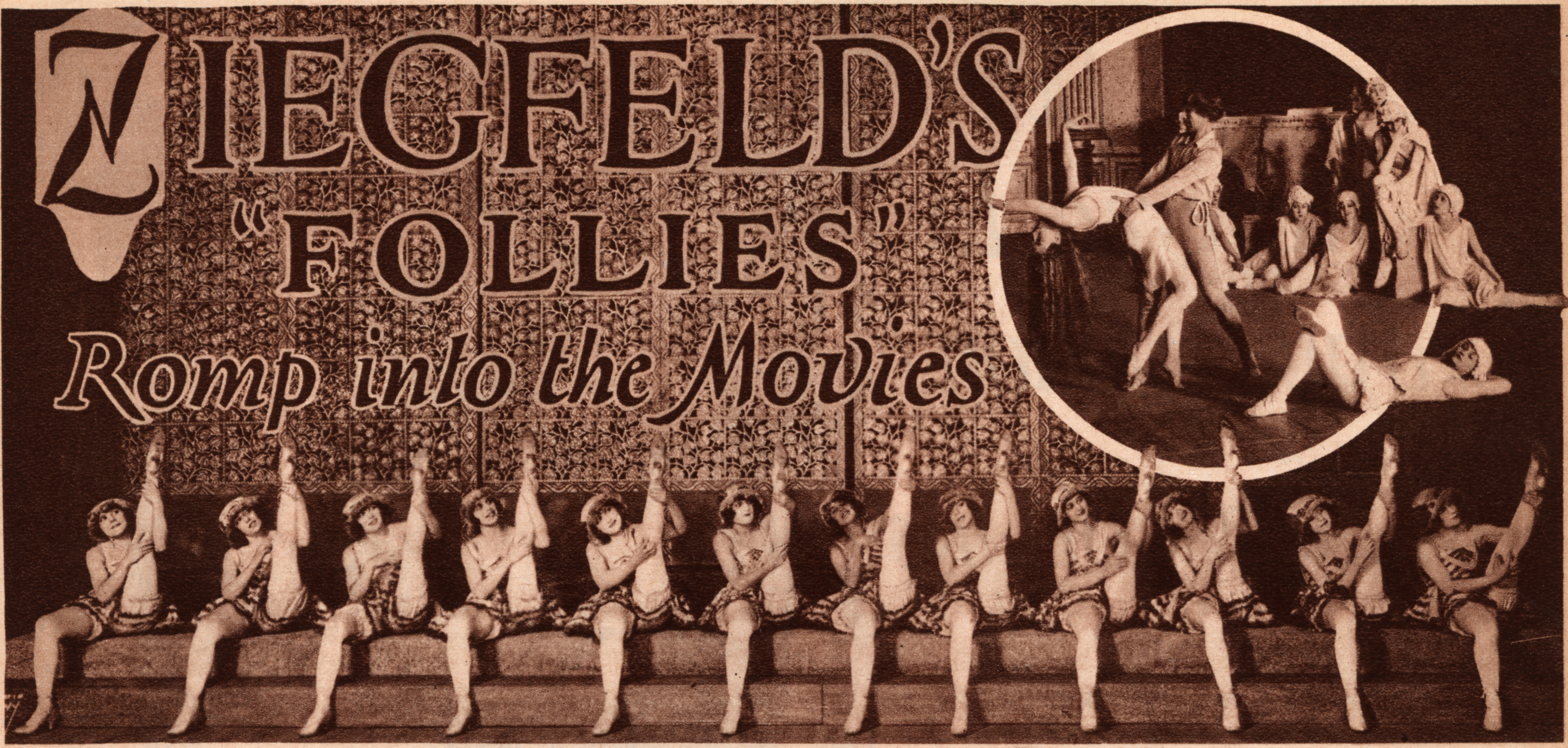
"Which do you like better, the stage or the screen?" we asked, summoning all our nerve. It takes nerve to ask that time-worn question. Probably the very first interviewer who interviewed the very first picture star popped that question the very first pop.

"Oh, I like the stage much better," she admitted. "I really started my career with the stage in mind much more than the screen. I started out in Winthrop Ames' production of "The Betrothal." There were six of us girls in the company, all playing our first roles. I was fifteen then and awfully flattered when Mr. Ames picked me and five other girls out of dozens and dozens of applicants."

THE Pekingese finally got disgusted at our lack of attention and wandered away to gnaw a bone, or whatever it is that Pekes do when time hangs heavy on their hands—paws, we mean.

So Mae Collins has had a rapid rise. Four years ago she played her first stage role and now

(*Continued on page 29*)



# ZIEGFELD'S "FOLLIES" Romp into the Movies

Famous *musical* show that has *become* a Broadway *institution* is filmed entirely *for* the *first time*—But *just* for *private* showing

*By Paul Rochester*

WOULD you go to a movie advertised as "The Follies of 1923?" You'll say you would!

Unfortunately, you are not going to have the opportunity of seeing the Follies in the movies, although the Follies are going in the movies from the lifting of the first curtain to the falling of the last.

On his return from Palm Beach early this month, Flo Ziegfeld began to plan the filming of the entire 1922 Follies. The job was a considerable one and at this writing was not yet completed.

But Mr. Ziegfeld is not doing it for the fans nor for the motion picture. He is making a film of the Follies for his own personal benefit.

"I decided to film this year's production because I want a permanent record," he explained. "The Follies have been in existence seventeen years and I, who am closest to them, have difficulty in recalling effects, and especially in remembering details of past productions. If, at the beginning of the Follies back in 1907, I had made a film history of my various productions, I would be able to sit in a projection room this spring when the casting for the Follies of 1923 is about to begin, and to review my mistakes, and thus avoid similar mistakes in future productions.

"Assembling the Follies is totally different from assembling any other sort of a show. Every play has a plot. The producer has merely to follow the script. Every musical comedy has a book. Again the producer has only to follow the book.

"But the Follies are different. The Follies, having established the highest standard in the past, must rise to that standard each year. And each detail of each new Follies must be original.

"I don't want anyone to visit the Follies and then say, 'Oh, I saw something almost like that in 1913 or in 1918.'

"And finally, I want the film record of the Follies for sentimental reasons. The work of an artist of the stage is impermanent. When the last curtain falls, the play is over, the company dismissed, never to be reassembled again. But a motion picture lives forever, and so I wish to create a motion picture history of the Follies, one that I may look over at some future day, renewing with each viewing the successes of the past."

Filming the Follies is a much larger job than you may imagine. It isn't possible to start the show and run through it as it is played on the stage. The time required for resetting the stage, the rearrangement of lighting, would make it necessary for each individual scene to be taken separately and after preparation. Sunlight arcs are necessary to illuminate the big New Amsterdam Theatre and a special platform for the cameraman will have to be built.

***Gilda Gray*, famous shimmy dancer, who is one of the outstanding reasons for the current *Follies'* success.**

Although the Follies have not heretofore been filmed in their entirety, several of the specialty artists have already appeared in films. Of these, Will Rogers is, of course, the most famous. Gallagher and Shean have not yet appeared in the movies, but they have been signed up for production work, it is reported, in "music-films," films in which they dance before the camera and an orchestra leader's baton on the film guides a real orchestra in playing the same music in the theatre where the film is projected.

MANY of the famous Follies chorus appeared in "Enemies of Women," the Ibanez story which Cosmopolitan released early in April. In that production, Dolores, the famous show girl, appeared on the screen for the first time, and Jessie Reed, the highest paid chorus girl in the world, receiving a salary of $100 weekly, lent her beauty to an ensemble number.

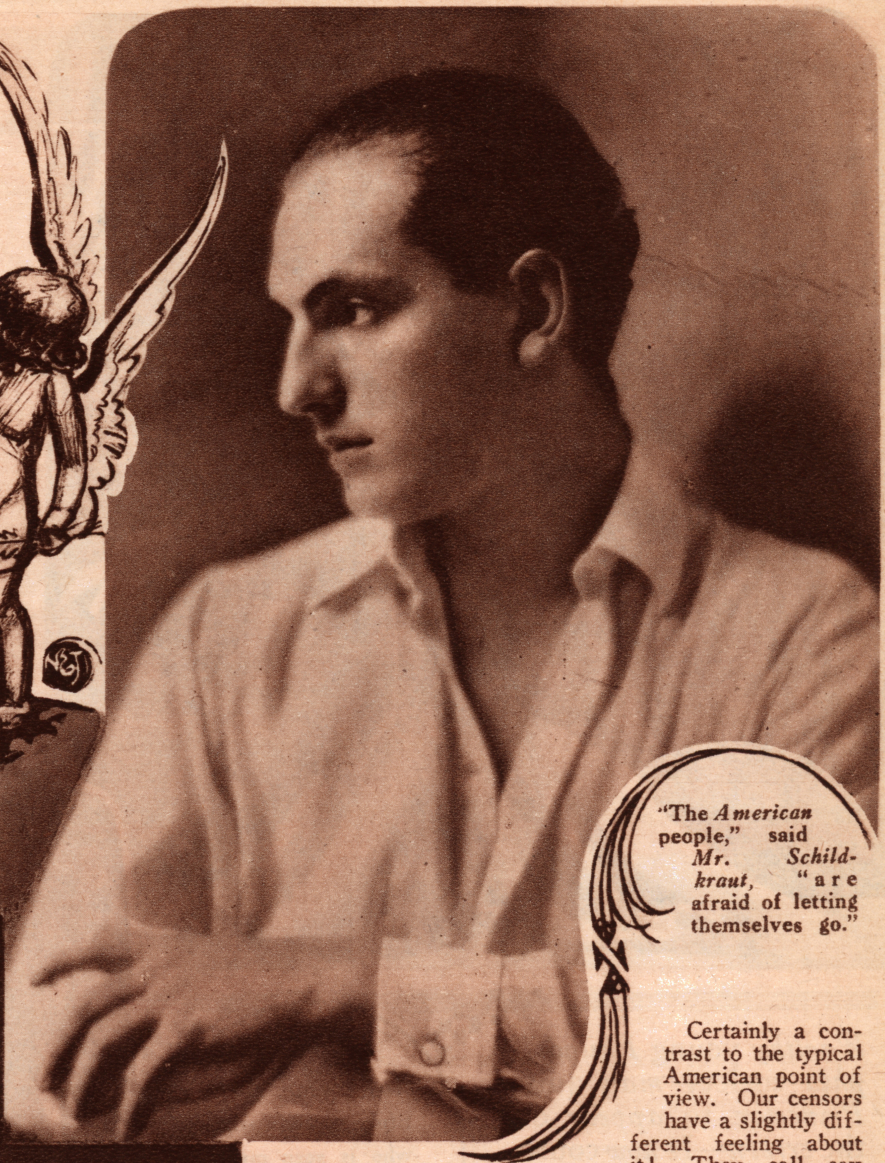
Mr. Ziegfeld did not state one reason why he is filming the Follies, a reason which is purely sentimental. His little daughter, Patricia, is still too young to be able to appreciate the beauty and the magnificence of the Ziegfeldian productions.

When she has grown to maturity, she will be able to sit in a projection room and watch the faces and figures which embellished the Follies of 1922 and those of years to come. The permanent record of the film will be the heritage bestowed upon her by her father.

Perhaps the retelling of his own story to his daughter was the final conclusive reason which made Mr. Ziegfeld decide to film the Follies and to convert the New Amsterdam Theatre into a movie studio where the camera will face an ensemble composed of the rarest beauties of the present day.

That the Follies is a notable contribution to American art none can deny, for in the very form and color of its sumptuous proportions are revealed a fresh magic, a *something new* in entertainment, that stirs the individual aesthetically, than which there is no truer test of art. Mr. Ziegfeld is to be congratulated for its preservation in celluloid.

# "You are hypocritical on subject of Sex!" says Joseph Schildkraut



"The American people," said Mr. Schildkraut, "are afraid of letting themselves go."

*Popular* stage and *screen* star *complains* that narrowness of *viewpoint* prevents *America* from realizing the *finest* in art—*Wants* greater *freedom* of *thought*

*As told to* Alma M. Talley

SEX! SSH! The word must not be spoken above a whisper! Of course we all know there is such a thing, but the polite thing to do is pretend we never heard of it. Presumably, it's like Santa Claus; we aren't supposed to believe in it. And when, unfortunately, we do learn that such a thing as sex exists, we're supposed to be very discreet about it. The proper thing to do, presumably, is to bury the whole subject under layers and layers of conventionality, keep it entirely hidden, like the family skeleton.

That, at least, is the American point of view, according to Joseph Schildkraut, who is a wise observer.

There was a sort of old world air about him, sitting there in the library among hundreds and hundreds of his books—books by Shaw, Wilde, Dostoieffsky and Ibsen. I had had a chance to identify a few of the authors in a lightning glance around the room before Mr. Shildkraut came in. You can judge a man by the books he keeps, and Mr. Schildkraut's books were a good recommendation.

"What's the matter with the American people?" he asked, his accent surprisingly slight, considering that he has been in this country only a few years. But he retains his European mannerisms, his old world gallantry. One can imagine him at some European court, kissing the ladies' hands with all the grace and naturalness in the world. Saying and doing things that in an American man would seem *gauche* and ridiculous.

*Joseph Schildkraut* and *Lillian Gish* in a charming scene from *"Orphans of the Storm."*

HE IS, of course, dark-skinned, good-looking, and thoroughly the Latin in his appearance and temperament. Likewise, fascinating!

"The American people," he continued, "are afraid of letting themselves go. They don't do things because they want to do them, but because it is 'the thing to do.' 'It isn't being done,' they say, whenever they wish to restrain an impulse. That idea of doing what everyone else does is cramping your American life. It's a stone wall barrier against progress. It stifles individuality, self-expression. How can real artists develop under such circumstances?"

His eloquence quite carries one away. No wonder he is the great actor that he is.

"Why are you like that in this country?" he demanded. "The American attitude is hypocritical. We are not so in Europe. There we feel that sex is beautiful and natural, and not to be ashamed of."

Certainly a contrast to the typical American point of view. Our censors have a slightly different feeling about it! They call sex "our baser instincts."

"I should like to make 'The Picture of Dorian Gray' for the screen," said Mr. Schildkraut. "There is an opportunity for marvelous characterization, and the story is a masterpiece of literature."

"Would the censors ever let that pass?" I questioned.

"Probably not," he replied. "And I should like to do 'Crime and Punishment.' That presents one of the greatest character studies in literature."

"It wouldn't make a very popular picture, I'm afraid," I said. "It's not exactly a cheerful story."

I DON'T want to select my roles because they will be 'popular,'" Mr. Schildkraut said emphatically. "I want to play roles that I think are great. It took me a whole year to persuade the Theatre Guild to produce 'Peer Gynt,' which I am now playing on the stage. They shook their heads and said it would be a waste of time to put on such a play, and that no one would support it. The night before it opened, they talked of how much money it was going to lose.

"And what happened? The public gave the play so much support that we had to move into a larger theatre to accommodate the crowd. I think 'Peer Gynt' is the greatest role there is to play. It is the role I have thought and dreamed of playing all my life."

"But what a pity," I said, "to have that ambition satisfied when you are only twenty-seven."

"That is what my father said," he answered. "Anything else that I play now will amount to so little after 'Peer Gynt.' I should like to play one role of Shakespeare's—'Richard the Second.'"

"Not 'Hamlet?'" I queried. Every great actor wants to play "Hamlet!" But even there Mr. Schildkraut is different!

"No," he said, "John Barrymore has so nearly reached perfection in his portrayal of 'Hamlet' that there is nothing more to be said on the subject."

An amazing person, Mr. Schildkraut! With remarkable ideals. He is never likely to become a

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# Craig Biddle

## millionaire Merton of the Movies

*Wealthy* young *Philadelphia* society *man* quits *Princeton* to *appear* on the *screen*—Is *now* courting *Ann Perdue*, film *actress*

By Grace Kingsley

**Ann Perdue, beautiful screen star, who is seen much in the company of young *Biddle*.**

**Craig Biddle, Jr., who recently left *Princeton* and journeyed to *Hollywood*, where he is now acting before the camera.**

HE IS THE millionaire Merton of the Movies—Craig Biddle, Jr., son of Craig Biddle, Sr., of the famous firm of Banks, Bailey and Biddle!

He is just as ingenuous, as good-looking, as much in earnest as the hero of Harry Leon Wilson's tale, and he's just as certainly destined to success if sincerity and determination count for anything.

He doesn't quite know what it's all about yet—but he means to find out, and I'll bet on him. He has that kind of a chin which means that whether he plays tennis or goes into the movies, he means to win. And he's one of the tennis champions at Princeton, you know—or was before he ran away to go into the movies.

He sat in a pew in a make-believe church at the Robertson-Cole Studio, registering exactly the right well-bred expression of respect and reverence, when something happened—I don't know what—something that would happen only in a film church—and he ran out, plump into us.

"Beg your pardon!" he blushed.

"Oh, well, I see you are all wrapped up in your art, so it's all right," I assured him.

Craig sat down on one of those blocks that cover a nucleus of electric cables which nobody knows the name of except the electricians, and stayed there until reminded he might be electrocuted before ever his career started, and then he found a chair and sat down on it.

"Everybody thinks I'm out here for a lark, but I'm not," said Craig.

"Some of your friends have scoffed?" I asked.

"Oh! 'Scoffed' isn't the word! I should say so! Use any other expletive you wish—only make it strong! I've been thinking of pictures for two years now, and during my last wave of enthusiasm, I struck out."

Craig is a six-footer with a good-looking face, earnest, clear gray eyes, the whitest teeth in the world, and possessed of modesty and sincerity and good breeding that will make him a world of friends wherever he goes.

He's just the sort of boy every woman would like to have for a son.

He has been in and around pictures, he says, all of four weeks.

"Of course I could have gone behind the bars of a cashier's desk at a bank," said Craig, "but I just couldn't bring myself to do it. No, I don't get any allowance. My dad gave me a flat sum to come to California with, to try and make good. He didn't object. He didn't approve. He just let me have my chance."

CRAIG'S mother is in the west with him—a pretty, young-looking woman—and she is going to keep house for Craig and his brother, Tony, who wants to go into pictures, too.

"How about your mother?" I asked. "Doesn't she help you a little bit?"

"Well, I don't suppose either mother or dad would see me starve," said Biddle, "but I don't intend to ask for any money if I can help it—not a cent!"

There's another reason why Craig is determined to succeed.

The reason just then dashed in—a lovely feminine reason named Derelys Perdue, whom Robertson-Cole is trying to re-name Ann, by the way, but neither Derelys, nor Craig, nor myself will call her that.

Yes, it does look as though Craig Biddle has fallen in love before he has been a month in the business! Well, what masculine man wouldn't?

HE IS the poor little rich boy, wandering all defenseless among the beauties of Hollywood.

He wasn't so harrowed up by the call of his art that he couldn't see a pretty girl, and I really think that augurs well for him.

He had just saved her film life, so, of course, it was in the books for him to fall in love with her!

You see, they had been playing together in "Daytime Wives," and Miss Perdue was supposed to be buried in the ruins of a falling building. It was Biddle's business to rush in, drag her from beneath a load of debris, and carry her fainting form in his arms to safety.

He did it with great gusto.

And when she opened her eyes and looked her gratitude, all for the benefit of the camera, why, he believed her, that's all. She has talkative eyes, has Miss Perdue—they probably say a lot of things that she really hadn't thought of herself—and that's how Craig was lost.

But Miss Perdue is beginning to think. And to think seriously.

You see, Craig, for all his ingenuousness, apparently inherits at least a little of his father's finesse. He invited Miss Perdue to go to the Ambassador with him on movie night. And right there is where he ran into something different in the way of mammas. Whereas society mammas had been dogging his footsteps and fairly throwing their daughters at his head, he found that picture mammas often stick much, much closer than a brother, and watch their daughters like a hawk.

"I don't go out very much," demurred Miss Perdue. "I don't know whether I can go or not."

"Oh, hang it! Why?" demanded Craig. Then he was inspired with one of those flashes of strategy that must have helped his dad to earn the Biddle millions. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he pleaded, "I'll bring my mother and my brother, and then surely you will come. I'll call for you at eight!"

Of course Miss Perdue went But when they

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"If winter comes in marriage," declared *Ann Forrest*, "it is the woman's fault."

# "Of course Winter Comes—in Matrimony"

says ANN FORREST "But it needn't"

Dainty *screen* star of *new* picture *"If Winter Comes,"* claims *marriage* can be made *successful*

*As related to* Regina Cannon

IF WINTER comes, can Spring be far behind?" sang the poet long ago. And not so long ago, A. S. M. Hutchinson, finding in the thought an inspiration, created a best-seller. Now the story has come to the films with Ann Forrest portraying Nona, the misunderstood wife.

In his book, Mr. Hutchinson expresses himself as being of the opinion that when a married couple have lived together a number of years, "winter" sets in for them. That is, a time comes when they agree to disagree; when the clouds come without the proverbial silver linings; when they have decided on the parting of the ways as the only remedy for their difficulties. However, it seemed to us that this rather sweeping statement should not go unchallenged.

In casting about for another's idea on the subject, we decided that Ann Forrest would be the logical person to give us some valuable information, since she interpreted the principal character for the screen.

So we took out the notebook, filled the fountain pen and started for the Biltmore to see Miss Forrest.

She was waiting for us in the lobby, and together we entered the tea room and wended our way down an avenue of small white tables to a cozy corner at the far end of the room.

When the waiter had taken the order, we encouraged our hostess to talk about her picture, "If Winter Comes." That's the way we interviewers do—sneak up on our victim without a qualm of conscience. As far as we're concerned the adage might have read, "All's fair in love and reporting."

"Miss Forrest," we inquired warily, "do you believe that 'winter' comes in the lives of most married couples?"

*Ann Forrest* in a scene from her latest picture, *"If Winter Comes."*

"Yes," said Ann, "I do. Of course it needn't," she amended, seeing us register dismay.

"Well, who is to blame if it does?" we queried, contemplating our engagement ring a bit nervously.

"The woman," replied Miss Forrest, "for she often fails to be a companion to her husband. It seems that once a woman is married she feels that she has achieved her goal, and can comfortably settle down. Her conception of settling down is to let herself get into a rut, to become disinterested generally in what goes on about her and especially in what concerns her husband.

"It doesn't take a man long to size up this state of affairs," reflected Ann, "and to look around for a more companionable associate."

"Well," we reiterated, coming to the defense of our sex, "most women have so many household duties and the children are always needing so much attention——"

"There," triumphed Miss Forrest, "that's where a good deal of the trouble lies. Women, especially American women, consider the children before their husband every time. It shouldn't be so. A husband should hold first place in his wife's regard. And if she held it, there wouldn't be so many people in this age of jazz speculating as to whether or not there *is* such a thing as a happily married couple."

ARE THERE any—or *many?*" we hastily amended. Personally, we know loads of 'em, but we wanted to see if Ann had the right answer and she did.

"There certainly are," she replied decisively. "My parents' marriage has been most happy. And my mother attributes its success largely to her willingness to be a comrade to my father."

"Being a pal, then, seems to be the key to the situation," we comprehended.

"You have it," returned Miss Forrest approvingly. "Another thing—a woman should always be ready to *go* with her husband, whether the going comprises an evening's pleasure or a month's business trip. Many times she refuses to accompany him because the dressmaker disappointed and the new gown isn't finished, or the gloves haven't come from the cleaners, or for some other equally inadequate excuse. To her I'd say: 'Wear the old dress; go without gloves, but *go!* If you don't, there may be a young lady at the party who isn't thinking of what she is wearing, but of how interesting and entertaining she can make herself.'"

"Ah," we figured, "another ingredient in the recipe for a successful marriage is 'keep him interested.'" We must have our little figure of speech, you know.

"Right," replied Ann with a wise nod of her golden head. "And the sure way to do this is to be interested in what interests your husband.

MISS FORREST hesitated a moment while the waiter asked how many lumps of sugar for the tea, and if we'd have cream or lemon. When these important details had been taken care of, she continued:

"And Rule 3 is, 'Don't nag!' Try to adopt the 'live and let live,' motto as your creed. It will work wonders. For example, just the other evening a party of us were having dinner together and during the meal we decided to go to a theatre. One of the men said he couldn't go along because his wife was over in Jersey and she wouldn't be able to meet us in time. We suggested that he go without her and that, under the circumstances, she'd surely understand. He said she wouldn't and further, that she'd *haggle* him about it for days. She'd tell him that he waited until an hour before the theatre to 'phone her, so that she couldn't possibly make it, etc. 'A sure way to lose a husband,' was what we all reflected.

"So, I would like to say to women, 'Give your husband first place in your regard, be companionable, and above all don't *haggle!* And your marriage will be a success!'"

# Would you marry a MOVIE ACTOR if you could?

by ALICE MASON JOHNSON

**Burning question which confronts all unmarried women involves suitability of screen stars as husbands**

Kenneth Harlan, who is big, strong and good-looking. To many girls he represents the ideal man.

COULD I? Oh, gracious, yes!" burbles impulsive Imogene. "Nay, nay, until I think it over!" from "Look-before-you-leap" Pauline. How about it, then? Would you, or wouldn't you, marry on the spot (if he asked you), a tall, dark, movie idol, with wonderful eyes, and wavy hair; or would you turn him down for a stalwart blonde giant with a tawny mane, and a way of looking at you that thrills your soul?

Would YOU jump at the chance, or would you stop and begin to ask questions? What is the shape of his chin? What is the distance between his eyes, rather than the length of his lashes? Is there strength in the formation of the lips that is not determined by the duration of his kisses? Is the shape of his forehead that of a man with a brain that concerns itself occasionally with things of greater import than "What the well-dressed man will wear?" And is his general personality the sort that you'd like to have perennial around the house?

Of course, the principal thing to consider in the matter of such an alliance, is whether you've been asked. Or, if by the modern arrangement, you do the proposing, *whether you get accepted*! But even if nothing at all happens in this direction, it never has done anyone harm to know just what to do in an emergency.

Movie actors in general are a much misunderstood group of masculine good-lookers. Off screen they are in reality most human flesh and blood people just like the rest of us, perhaps with a little more personal vanity, but under the circumstances of their every day existence, that is no more than to be expected. They react to joy and sorrow with varying degrees of emotion, even as you and I, and very often it might be said of them that "in the midst of romance they are in reality," for their constant playing of parts has made the unreal real for them all.

The life of the screen is a most strenuous test of actual character. Every actor of any consequence has plenty of money, an over-supply of admiration, and every opportunity for the indulgence of petty vices, therefore it is easy to see that the ones who come through the mill unscathed, are men well worth knowing.

Harrison Ford is essentially the home man type, with whom existence for the wife would be just "one grand sweet song."

Men like Fairbanks, Thomas Meighan, Dick Barthelmess, Charlie Chaplin, Charles Ray, and many others like them are the backbone of the moving picture industry today because to them, their profession is an art, and not merely a never-ending source of spending money, and an opportunity for unlimited amorous adventures.

BUT FROM the number of mash notes which the Valentines, Barthelmesses, and John Barrymores of the screen throw into the waste basket every day, I'd imagine that the majority of the movie hero-worshipping female population of the entire country is made up of girls who'd be likely to answer ads in a matrimonial exchange, and then, when they'd reached the point of exchanging photographs with their prospective husbands, expect that the likenesses would be bona fide.

All this might seem to imply that I, personally, am of the opinion that movie actors do not make good husbands. Ah, girls, 'tis there you've got me wrong! They make wonderful husbands *if* you only know how to pick 'em.

That's a pretty big *"if,"* even if you don't think so. In picking a movie actor husband, my dears, there are more things to consider besides the luminosity of his eyes, and the tonsorial undulations of his hair. In the first place, I might ask you if you are worldly wise enough to know a man when you see one, or are you the sort who'd marry someone, just because he makes love marvelously—on the screen?

YOU MAY well ask yourself also, while examining the character of the man of your choice, what qualifications of intelligence and versatility you have to offer that could hold the interest of any man continually before the eyes of an adoring public. For the kind of actor who is morally strong and mentally alert, and the type of man who would make an ideal husband, could never stomach the gushing sentimentality and vapid expressions of the thousands of writers of mash notes who are most eager to marry into the movies.

So when you're picking your cinema side-partner, a mental stock taking should be in order for both of you. Love, in the movies and out of it, is the most wonderful thing in the whole world, but even the most wonderful thing cannot exist on a shaky foundation very long. This love-at-first-sight, and "crush" business may be all right for a time, but it's rarely, if ever, permanent.

If half of the broken-hearted, disappointed girls whose idols have forgotten them, had had just a little more knowledge of men and their weaknesses, they could have avoided the heartaches that resulted from having been rudely awakened from a rosy dream by the cold, unassailable facts.

The same thing applies to screen stars. They may make love beautifully—it's necessary. But you must know more about a man than that!

Ramon Novarro is the romantic looking youth — handsome in a foreign sort of way, and fascinating.

# Famous Crook Play becomes a movie

*"Within the Law,"* well *known* melodrama *is put* on *screen* with *Norma Talmadge* in the *leading* role

*By* Charles E. Dexter

As *Mary Turner, Norma Talmadge* gives one of the most interesting performances of her screen career.

BACK to the sort of movie that made her famous goes Norma Talmadge. Her next picture is based on Eugene Walter's stage play, "Within the Law," and as the harassed heroine of a crook drama, Miss Talmadge will again be seen in one of the roles which originally endeared her to the fans.

But Norma is going back in no other way. Instead she is going ahead in this production, for "Within the Law" is not only perhaps the most stirring of all plays of criminal life, but the most realistic. Moreover, she has surrounded herself with a cast that is of super-feature proportions.

Jack Mulhall plays opposite Norma for the first time in his career in the Walter play. Lew Cody plays the part of Joe Garson, while the role of Aggie Lynch falls to Eileen Percy, who is rapidly rising in popularity among screen fans. Aggie was originally to have been played by Margaret Leahy, winner of the British Beauty Contest, but Miss Leahy proved to have a natural gift for comedy, and was transferred to Buster Keaton's company as leading woman. Others in the cast are Joseph Kilgour, Helen Ferguson, Arthur S. Hull, Thomas Ricketts, Ward Crane, and De Witt Jennings, a notable group of players.

"Within the Law" had a long run on Broadway. It is the story of a girl who is convicted of the crime of which she is innocent. Mary Turner, the girl, cannot prove her innocence, although the crime is not a major offense. She is accused of stealing in a store in which she has been employed. The store manager has her sent to prison, however, as he urges the trial judge to make an example of her.

Mary swears vengeance on the store manager before she begins her term. In prison she meets Aggie Lynch, in for blackmailing. Aggie tells Mary that a girl possessing her form can make a fortune when she is released from prison, and the blackmailer has a great deal of influence over Mary during their incarceration.

On their release, the two women go their ways, Mary to lose one job after another because of her prison record, and Aggie back to her old profession.

MARY at last becomes desperate. One day she tries to commit suicide, but she is rescued by Joe Garson, a forger, who takes her to Aggie's apartment. There she is induced to join their gang, but she exacts a promise from them to always keep within the law, to escape punishment as rich malefactors do.

So Mary becomes a scheming young girl whose game is to make wealthy men fall in love with her, and who gets sufficient evidence on them to make them pay heavily when the affair is at an end and they are on the wrong end of a breach of promise suit.

They try this game at Palm Beach one winter, and while Mary is working on an old army officer, Aggie manages to meet Richard Gilder, son of the man who sent Mary to prison.

Young Gilder falls in love with Mary, and follows her back to New York, where a successful adjustment is made of the breach of promise suit with the old army man. Meantime the police are carefully watching for an opportunity to arrest the gang, but the opportunity does not come.

Finally, a stool pigeon tries to induce Joe Garson to try burglary. As this plot is maturing, so is Mary's affair with young Gilder advancing. When she marries, she sends Dick to get his father. But the store manager is tipped off and Mary's plans for revenge are tangled by the police counterplans to arrest the entire gang for burglary.

THE CLIMAX of the play brings Mary on the scene of the burglary in an effort to thwart it and to prevent her confederates from going to prison. Gilder believes his son has married an adventuress, but Dick, who really loves her, is unconvinced, and Mary finally emerges triumphant when it is proved that she was not a thief and that her actions "within the law" have only been her method of revenging herself for the injustice of her conviction.

A strong scene in *"Within the Law," Norma Talmadge's* latest starring vehicle.

Arrow is offering eight big pictures for the coming season. Their best bet is "Lost in a Big City," made by the same company which rolled up a fortune with the title "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" last year. John Lowell, Evangeline Lowell, Baby Ivy Ward and Jane Thomas are in the cast.

CHARLES RAY is soon to give us what he considers his biggest and best picture, "The Girl I Loved," from an autobiographical poem of James Whitcomb Riley's. Patsy Ruth Miller plays the title role.

Maurice Tourneur is making a picture version of Crittenden Marriott's "Isle of Dead Ships." Milton Sills, Anna Q. Nilsson and Walter Long are featured in the cast; the screen title will be "The Isle of Lost Ships."

"The Soul of the Beast" is to be the title of Thomas Ince's new circus picture. Madge Bellamy and Cullen Landis are the two featured players of a cast which also includes Noah Beery, Lincoln Stedman, Vola Vale and Oscar. Oscar is a trained elephant!

Preferred Pictures, which has been giving us stories all about "Poor Men's Wives" and "Rich Men's Wives," is now to tell us about their daughters in Edgar Saltus' story, "Daughters of the Rich." The cast includes Gaston Glass, Marjorie Daw, Ruth Clifford, and Stuart Holmes.

When she finishes her work in "The Exciters," Bebe Daniels will begin on "Bluff," in which Mahlon Hamilton will have the leading male role. Mahlon is now down in Florida playing the lead in Agnes Ayres' latest picture, "The Heart Raider."

# "GRUMPY" with A FINE PICTURE

As *Remember*, Eleanor Boardman in "Souls for Sale" gives a finely emotional performance.

The wit of *Grumpy*, as portrayed by *Theodore Roberts*, confounds the villainies of *Casson Ferguson*, in the screen play *"Grumpy."*

## "GRUMPY"

### *Theodore Roberts' Finest Role*

"Grumpy" is an exceptional picture.

The star has neither blond curls nor is he a handsome young man. He is an actor and he knows the business of acting.

Fans who rejoice when Theodore Roberts' familiar features are flashed on the screen, will enjoy almost every moment of "Grumpy," for Mr. Roberts is the star and he appears on almost every scene. But unlike many so-called stars, Mr. Roberts does not play himself. He is a different person, without his moustache, his cigar, without—so far as we were able to discern—his teeth, a grumpy, petulant, shrewd old man, yet lovable withal, a character finely interpreted, done with assurance. And in his expert hands, Grumpy, the old criminal lawyer, who saves his niece from scandal and her sweetheart from disgrace, lives and breathes.

Moreover, William De Mille has given this picture one of his customary fine presentations. The acting is natural, the settings are modest but tasteful. The only weakness of the film play is due to the failure of the scenario writer to conceal from the viewer the denouement. Almost from the start, you know how the villain is to be circumvented; your only interest lies in the details by means of which an almost senile old man is to frustrate him. But we must not always expect subtlety on the screen. A well-rounded, well-acted production shines like a diamond among lustreless imitations. Such a diamond is "Grumpy."

Casson Ferguson, as the sleek crook, whom Grumpy foils, has the next most important role to that of Mr. Roberts. He barely fits the character. He is too slim, too little-mannish, but he does well enough. May McAvoy, as the frivolous niece of the old lawyer, barely defines her role. Conrad Nagel plays his winning self.

Don't fail to include "Grumpy" on the list of the films you must see.

And let's have more Theodore Roberts star productions, Mr. De Mille.

## "SOULS FOR SALE"

### *A Close-Up of Hollywood*

Here is a picture everyone has been waiting for, a picture of Hollywood as it really truly is.

But we must most regretfully record that although "Souls for Sale" is a picture you will surely want to see, and a picture you will probably enjoy greatly, it fails to reach the high mark it should have attained.

The fault in this case is not with Hollywood. The fault, dear Rupert Hughes, is yours. Your story is spoiled because it contains one character too many, a murderous villain, played by Lew Cody, a villain you evidently created with the French uxoricide, Landru, in mind, but who should never have wandered into a story which pretends to whitewash Hollywood of all its rumored misdeeds.

So long as "Souls for Sale" sticks to Hollywood and moving picture actors, it is great stuff. The fans will look at the scenes in the studio, in the cafeteria, on the lot, with wide eyes. They will eat up the shots of Charlie Chaplin directing a picture, of Von Stroheim showing an actor how to act, of Marshall Neilan, with sleeves pulled up, busy at his job, of all of the other stars, Anita Stewart, T. Roy Barnes, Milton Sills, Claire Windsor, Dagmar Godowsky, ZaSu Pitts, at ease. And they will like the work of your cast. Mr. Hughes, the good acting of Richard Dix, Frank Mayo, Barbara La Marr, Mae Busch, and the beauty plus the good acting of the newest Goldwyn star, Eleanor Boardman.

But the fans will get all mixed up trying to follow the divagations of your villain and the incredible climax to your picture. You have directed well. You have written snappy titles. And you had a great opportunity. But you should have killed off your villain in the first reel and let the story go its way without him.

"Souls for Sale" has many big scenes. The desert photography is—well, the only word suiting it is exquisite. The storm and fire scenes with which the picture terminates are realistic to an extreme. The cast—a cast which contains Charlie Chaplin in a very minor part, and which has enlisted half a hundred other stars as extras, can't be beat.

Go to see "Souls for Sale." Don't take the Hollywood hokum too seriously. If you don't know anything about how movies are made, you will enjoy it mightily. But when Lew Cody is flashed on the screen, shut your eyes. Lew Cody acts splendidly in his difficult role. It isn't his fault. But his role doesn't belong in the picture.

Eliminate him and "Souls for Sale" becomes the first genuine Hollywood film, a screen novelty well worth seeing.

## "LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER"

### *Novel Coal Mining Melodrama*

This Warner Brothers' Production, called "The Little Church Around the Corner," has nothing to do with the New York house of worship popularly known by that name. Instead it is a picture of the coal mines and the miners, which has enough action and novelty to merit a good rating among the average pictures of the week.

The story here is of a miner who becomes a minister and who chooses a "little church around the corner" from a coal mine, rather than one around the corner of Fifth Avenue. His choice results in his becoming the means of providing greater safety for miners and of preventing a disastrous strike.

So far, so good. But the story is not content with these brief realistic incidents. It must yank in a "movie miracle" by the roots of the hair, the

# Theodore ROBERTS,

*Screen* version of *famous stage* play a *huge* success. *"Souls for Sale" "The Little Church Around the Corner"* and *"The Leopardess"* are *among* other *pictures* of the week *reviewed* :: *By* Lewis F. Levenson

restoration of speech to a dumb girl at a moment when the mob of miners is calling for proof of their employer's sincere intention to make the mine less dangerous. With the exception of this single scene, a scene where the miners demand proof, and the minister-mediator, instead of turning to the mine operator and demanding that he do his share, turns to the dumb girl and bids her speak, the movie is good stuff. The mine scenes are novel and strong, the mobs are handled expertly and the cast is able and sure.

Every name on the billing is that of a talented player. Claire Windsor, Kenneth Harlan, Hobart Bosworth, Walter Long, Pauline Starke, Alec Francis, Margaret Seddon, George Cooper, Winter Hall and Cyril Chadwick provide good entertainment in this different sort of picture.

## "THE LEOPARDESS"

### *An Absurd Story*

Pity the poor South Seas!

The movies are hard after the poor South Seas and the poor South Seas have no come-back.

"The Leopardess" is another of those pictures in which a white girl lives on a South Sea Island, and a bad man comes after her, and a good man gets her in the end. It hasn't even the virtue of having been made on or near Tahiti. It was made in the West Indies, and the palm trees and flat beaches are those of the Bermudas and not of those silver shores made famous by Frank O'Brien, Robert Louis Stevenson, Gauguin, Somerset Maugham, and "Van Zanten's Happy Days."

Moreover, "The Leopardess" has a most preposterous story, all about a very bad American millionaire, who is as gentle as the Marquis de Sade, after whom sadism was named. This American is a strong man. He beats men, animals and women.

*His muscles are big and his chin is square,*
*And he swaggers about like a devil-may-care,*
*He strangles lions in their jungle lair,*
*But at taming women he just isn't there.*

This bad man is Montagu Love and he is very bad, indeed. Alice Brady isn't much better, but that isn't her fault. She deserves better pictures.

Impossible melodrama best describes "The Leopardess."

## "THE QUEEN OF SIN"

### *An Austrian Atrocity*

"Then the nightmare became even more hideous," reads one of the titles in "The Queen of Sin."

"Impossible!" remarked one of our neighbors at the Lyric Theatre, where this Viennese hodgepodge was being given its premiere American showing.

"The Queen of Sin" is an American title for the Sascha production called "Sodom and Gomorrah" in Europe. Shortly after the war, German film producers took advantage of the revolutionary conditions to create a number of erotic films. "Sodom and Gomorrah" in its original 18-reel form, was one of this class. But America has censored it down to eight reels, and the eight reels are, in the words of Josh Billings, "Gosh awful!"

With the exception of some spectacular scenes of the destruction of Sodom, the film is all that a movie should not be. The acting is far, far below the American standard, the direction is simple-minded, and the photography is as bad as the worst.

Lucy Doraine, who plays at various times a modern vamp, the Queen of Sheba and later Lot's Biblical wife, couldn't get a job in an American studio except as an eccentric character type.. She might have a chance in a beauty contest in which Lon Chaney was the only other entrant.

The made-in-America platitudinous titles, thrown as a sop to the censors, are ridiculous. If censorship has any value whatsoever, it should have proved itself by barring this picture in its entirety.

As a big, rough man, *Montagu Love* contributes with *Alice Brady* to the general inanity of *"The Leopardess,"* a poor picture.

Love to *Kenneth Harlan* and *Claire Windsor* in *"The Little Church Around the Corner,"* proves an unbreakable chain.

## "BELL BOY 13"

### *Douglas MacLean in a Comedy*

Two reels is long enough for the action in Douglas MacLean's latest comedy, "Bell Boy 13." MacLean might have had a swift little farce, worth about two reels, but his producer, Thomas H. Ince, has built it into a feature and has made much of it dull and not at all funny.

The plot is thin, providing chase scenes, trick entrances and exits and a touch of spice. And it has a new gag, that of a strike agitator making the employees of a hotel go on strike so suddenly that the barbers leave their customers half-shaved, waiters drop the soup in milady's lap, and so on.

But one gag, unfortunately, does not make a comedy.

Margaret Loomis is MacLean's tastelessly dressed leading lady. MacLean's smile and his personality are as pleasing as ever.

## "SUZANNA"

### *A Mack Sennett Comedy-Drama*

"Suzanna" has just enough comedy, some contributed by Mabel Normand, some incidental to its story, to make us wish that Mack Sennett would return to his old policy of making Mack Sennett comedies. We do not mean to infer that "Suzanna" is a bad picture. It is entertaining, embellished with appealing photography and pleasing early Californian settings. But the story is

(*Continued on page 29*)

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
in
"Robinhood"

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MARY PICKFORD
*in*
"Tess of the Storm Country"

# IMPOVERISHED DUCHESS an Extra GIRL in Movies

*Peggy Lytton:* once decorated by the *Albanian Government* during the *war*, is now working as an extra in *movie studios*

**By Leo Brummer**

"For my services in the war," said *Miss Lytton,* the *Albanian Government* gave me the title of the *Duchess of Sorello."*

I HAVE met a Princess, a Baron and a Count, but until I met the Duchess of Sorello, Duchesses were out of my line. I found her in the home of a friend on Eightieth Street, New York and the first thing I asked her was how she had come by her title.

"It's an honorary title, bestowed upon me by the Albanian Government for my services during the war," she said. "My own name was Marguerite Moseley-Williams, but on the screen I use the name Peggy Lytton. I don't want to be known as a Duchess. I want to succeed just as the most obscurely born actress succeeds. When you write your story, please don't mention the fact that I am a Duchess."

But before I left the Duchess, I induced her to permit me to tell her story, one that is amazing even among the many amazing tales of those who play before the cinema camera.

"I am an English girl," she told me. "My family is extremely well connected in England. The Mosely-Williams are an old family, and before the war my father was well-to-do. I was at school in Switzerland, and I expected to live as the Moseley-Williams had lived through the centuries.

"But the war came. I had a little money of my own. I decided that Switzerland would be too slow for me, so I equipped an ambulance and donated it to my country, with the agreement that I should be permitted to run it.

"So for three years I was at the front, transporting the wounded. I was in France near Amiens, and in Belgium back of Ypres, and not so long after I arrived behind the lines, I lost my ambulance. In all I had five different cars, and I suffered from shell-shock once and from gassing on another occasion.

"This last experience, the gassing, made me quit my ambulance work, so after receiving decorations from the King and Queen of Belgium, I set forth for Albania."

"What were the decorations you received?" I asked.

"The Queen made me a member of the Royal Order of Queen Elizabeth, and the King made me a Chevalier of Leopold II, for 'sang froid under fire,' as the citations were worded. The French government also gave me a Red Cross 'memory medal' and the Croix de Guerre, for heroism during the air raids and the bombing of Calais, while England gave me the D. S. C. for distinguished service with the troops."

I LOOKED at this astonishing heroine of the war, a tall, slender, blue-eyed English girl, not too good-looking, but distinguished. She spoke of her exploits quite as if they were all in the day's work.

"After I was gassed I went to Albania, and stayed there after the armistice. I had nothing to do, so I made some work for myself. I decided that it was possible to organize a Boy Scout outfit in Albania. I found the Albanian boys like boys all over the world and it was great fun to work with them, and moreover useful fun, for the boys were able to help the government greatly after the war.

"At one time the Albanians wanted to make me Ministress of Education, but I declined the post, so they gave me the title of Duchess of Sorello, after an old castle in Albania. It is an honorary title, and I only keep it during my life-time, and cannot pass it on.

"I wanted a rest then, so I came to America and entered Barnard College, where I studied psychology and played in the college theatricals. At the end of my first year, my father died. His fortune had been lost during the war, and he did not leave me a cent. For a while I lived on the funds I had in my own name, but as this money began to vanish, I decided that I would have to earn something for myself.

"So I got a small part in a Broadway play, after realizing that I was better fitted for the stage than for business. No one knew who I was. I concealed my identity under the name of Peggy Lytton, a good enough name in its own way. After the play closed, I tried the movies. Fortunately Cosmopolitan was making 'Little Old New York,' and needed a great many players, so I worked in that picture for quite a while, and also in 'Enemies of Women,' in which, by the way, Gloria Morgan, who became Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt, also played.

I AM GOING to stick to the movies until I make enough money to go back to Albania and my castle. I couldn't pay for the services of a chimney sweep at present, but I am going to stick to it until I pull through."

"But can you make enough money as an extra?" I asked this duchess of the movies.

"Hardly," she replied. "But I have other means of making a living. I have done quite a little writing, but the author has to wait too long for his money. The actress gets her salary at the end of the week. The author has to wait for a vague day when his manuscript is published."

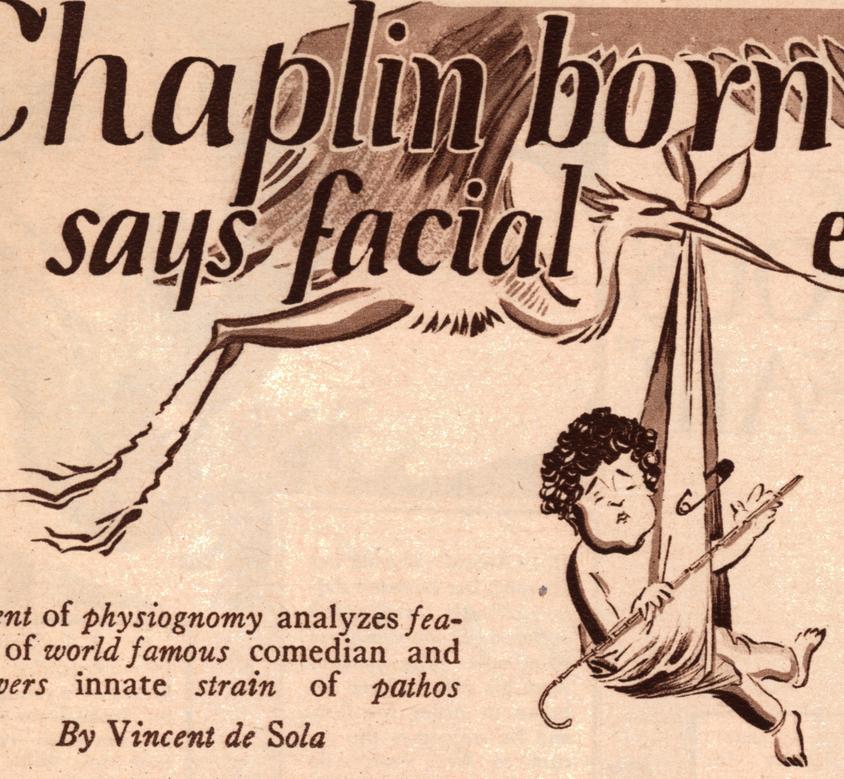
What a romance of real life was revealed in those words. It was true that we were sitting in a comfortably furnished home in the most artistic section of New York. It was true that the duchess before me seemed to be sure of herself, that she did not look as though she were in want. But I knew that of money she had none, and that her birth, her heroism in the war, her daring, none of these qualities had yet won her the money which is the true equivalent of success.

So I heard her speaking again.

"I'm not going to give up this effort," she said. "You can count on hearing of me in the movies. I've made up my mind to play this game through to the end."

And there you have the spirit of a Duchess who is glad to have the opportunity of appearing in the smallest of parts on the screen, a most democratic Duchess, who is really a quite nice-looking girl of twenty-four.

# Chaplin born sad says facial expert



*Student* of *physiognomy* analyzes *features* of *world famous* comedian and *discovers* innate *strain* of *pathos*

**By Vincent de Sola**

CHARACTER READING: *This is the face of the philosophical type. The deep, slightly grotesque humor is a reaction to secret sadness and pessimism. The mentality is concentrative-reflective and is of a high order. There is, however, no real self-understanding in the character, and therefore it is subject to temperamental whims and moods. Oratorical ability is marked, as is also self-protection. There is the contradiction of the person who is determined yet compliant.*

**"The great comedian," says *de Sola*, "is of the philosophic type. His eyes are searching and thoughtful."**

***Charlie Chaplin,* famous screen comedian, in a scene from a recent picture.**

WE HAVE, of course, grown used by this time to the transformation of Charlie Chaplin of the grotesque shoes, the small mustache, the puzzled blunders, into the Charles Chaplin without his familiar make-up: suave, rather inscrutable, handsome in a way.

At first, however, that transformation was astonishing, almost unbelievable. Was there any other star who looked less like the parts he played? Charlie Chaplin was fortunate enough to hit upon those very impersonations which he is most gifted to make vivid. He found his *metier*, and has never since deviated from it. From his comic drunk in the vaudeville skit, "A Night in a London Music Hall," of years ago, to "The Pilgrim" itself, he has played a character, of which the world, it seems, will never grow tired.

But observing the face itself, and, entering into chirography, the expressive, sensitive, firm-knuckled hands, you will find that the great comedian is unquestionably of the philosophic type. His brow is exceedingly reflective and analytical, his eyes searching and thoughtful.

Time and again critics have pointed out the poignant sadness which he assumes for a single moment in his plays. His temperament, quite as much as his art, helps him to portray that sadness. Now I am not here trying to prove the usual fallacy that all clowns and drolls have misery in their hearts.

Chaplin is neither gloomy nor miserable. His sadness is the sadness of resignation. He has had everything he wants, is aware that all is vanity, and his philosophical mind enables him to see the complexity and the muddle of human life. It is this sadness, the sadness of a minor poet, that is revealed by the shape of his eyes, the down curve of his lips at the corners.

Out of this sadness springs the reaction of his inimitable humor. It is a peculiarly intelligent humor. He does not make greed, or cruelty, or cunning the subjects of his humor. He expresses rather the humor of fear, simplicity and helplessness.

The brow, as I have said, is analytical, and the eyes are introspective. But there is nothing of complete confidence in the face, but an actual puzzlement. It would lead me to say that Charles Chaplin does not understand Charles Chaplin.

This is the look one finds in many of the world's great artists, musicians, sculptors, poets, thinkers. There is nothing cocksure and certain in his face, and the expression which sometimes attempts to assume self-assurance is obviously an assumed one. Chaplin is, more than any other screen player, what is known as an artist. He is, therefore, the possessor of what is also known as "temperament."

That temperament probably annoys its owner more than anything else. The face shows clearly an ability to slump into moods of complete dejection. Concentrative as are the brows, this is a man who is unable to remain stable and constant to one opinion or one mood. He can be cynical and sentimental by turns; he can be perverse, denying what he loves best or hates most.

The nose is strong and determined, but the chin reveals in him a certain compliance. The wrong methods of approach could make him obstinate to a degree; but those with an understanding of his character could easily sway him through friendliness. He will follow many, but can be driven by none.

His long upper lip is not only indicative of his real strength in those things which make up his life, it is also an assurance of his real oratorical ability. He can make words or ideas tell. It is a strange thing that a man with this gift should, by circumstance, be talking mutely to his audience, expressing only in pantomime, what he could, more than most other players, express in oratory. He has the speaker's gift in his face.

All of his features show an unusual intelligence. It is perhaps this which makes his impersonation of an almost child-like simplicity so effective. His intelligence serves him again in that he can mimic a variety of emotions simply with his eyes, the mirror of every man's mentality. Chaplin never needs to clutch at his collar, flourish his arms, or gesture in other ways to express what he means. He can portray the very emotion he wishes without giving it some rubber-stamp set of movements which are supposed to indicate it.

(*Continued on page 30*)

# Home and Career clash in "The FAMOUS Mrs. FAIR"

II.—(Above): During her absence, her husband *Jeffrey* (*Huntly Gordon*) has suffered as only a man does suffer who depends upon his wife to keep his home in order for him, and he welcomes the return of *Mrs. Fair*, who has been away so long.

I.—When *Nancy Fair* (*Myrtle Stedman*) mother of *Sylvia Fair* (*Marguerite de la Motte*), returned from her war work in *France*, where she was decorated by the *French* for bravery under fire, she became *The Famous Mrs. Fair*.

III.—(Below, at left): The opportunity for *Mrs. Fair* to go away on a lecture tour adds further to the demoralization of the home and results in *Mr. Fair's* becoming interested in *Angie Brice* (*Carmel Myers*), an attractive widow.

IV.—(Below): *Sylvia*, *Mrs. Fair's* young daughter, freed from any sort of parental restraint, now runs wild, getting into fast company and forming an acquaintance with *Dudley Gillette* (*Ward Crane*), a young rounder.

V.—(At Left): *Mrs. Fair's* unexpected return discovers her husband's affair with the widow, *Sylvia's* infatuation with a roue, and the fact that the son, *Allan* (*Cullen Landis*), has married a telephone operator.

VI.—Forbidden to see *Sylvia* again, *Gillette* induces her to elope with him. Upon the discovery of this, *Mr. Fair* and *Allan* follow the fleeing pair and overtake them in a roadhouse, where *Allan* gives *Gillette* a severe drubbing.

VII.—Reunited once more, *Mrs. Fair* realizes that, while she has been away benefitting humanity, her family has been suffering at home and a great light dawns within the good lady's head. Henceforth she decides she will remain at home.

# Doubling in the Black and Blue Drama—

# with Ruth ROLAND

Screen *star* of *Serial fame* has *man* who *doubles* for her *when* he does *double*—but that *isn't* very *often*

*By Grace Greenwood*

THOSE poor doubles for the stars of the black-and-blue drama of the serials—they used to be kept dark. But now it's becoming quite fashionable to have a double and to admit it. It makes you seem really so much more worth while, if you are a star, to have somebody to help save your precious neck, than if the producer just shoved you off all the cliffs and into the deep water as if your life weren't worth anything. So the dear little old doubles are being hauled out of obscurity, and are allowed to make their bow.

Of course some stars still pretend to be super-human, but Ruth Roland isn't one of them.

"They'll go through fire and water for you," grinned Ruth the other day.

And, at that, Ruth does a lot of things that many stars of the black-and-blue drama won't do.

The double used to be a furtive creature, who went about with his fingers on his lips, a poor nameless wretch, who got a little money, and who never dared show himself.

"My double really looks a good deal like me," said *Miss Roland*. "I always make him up myself."

Now he can tell the world. Ruth and I sat in her dressing room while she turned herself from a cowgirl into a smart, up-to-date miss, while we chatted.

Ruth Roland is very generous about her double. His name is Robert Rose, and she calls him Rosie for short.

The only trouble Rosie finds is that he doesn't get enough to do in the doubling line. He complains of it bitterly, sometimes.

So far as compensation is concerned, Rosie gets a salary, and his clothing is provided for him by Miss Roland, and is an exact duplicate of her own in both quality and style.

But Rosie had so little to do in Ruth's last serial that she let him play a part.

MISS ROLAND does most of her own riding, except sometimes in a very long shot. She does that because she loves to ride.

"When I get among a bunch of cowboys, and am just one of them," said Ruth, the other day, "I'm in my element. I don't care whether the camera catches me or not. Take a wonderful mount on a spring day, and there's nothing like it. Honestly it's a shame for me to take my salary for riding."

A double is often used merely to save time. He appears in all long shots, while the star herself is going on with the close-up scenes. Sometimes amusing things happen. For instance:

"Robert Rose and I were making some scenes up near Huntington Lake," explained Ruth, "and we were in a hurry to get through with location work, so he was appearing in all the shots that were possible. He's a good actor, and I don't mind trusting him with anything that can be done without his being detected. I had been riding through the funny little town, and the sheriff of the county had seen me, and wanted to meet me. It so happened that I went away that afternoon, and Rosie came back. The director put up a joke on the official, introduced Rosie as me. The sheriff went over and talked to him—never knew it wasn't myself he was introduced to! I guess he thought Miss Roland a very reticent person, however, as Rosie didn't dare do much except nod for fear his voice would give him away. But that sheriff thinks to this day that he met Ruth Roland."

DESPITE the fact that Miss Roland was seriously hurt, when she tore the ligaments of her leg in riding stunts, several years ago, following which she went on crutches for five weeks, she still sticks to horses.

"But no more stage coaches!" said Ruth. "Rosie can have all the stage coaches. The reason? Well, I've always been kind of nervous about stage coaches. They are top-heavy, and a cowboy, once he gets the feel of the reins in his hands, seated up there on the top of the coach, doesn't care *what* happens! But I do!

"Not long ago, I was to do a stunt in which I rode the tongue of the coach right in between the rear and forward teams of horses! From this position the hero was to drag me onto one of the horses. But his weight made the tongue and harness sag, one of the horses caught his feet in the harness, and both the hero and myself were thrown under the horses' feet. Don't ask me how we escaped. I never knew. The coach went right over us, with the wheels never hitting us once! But scared! I'll say I was! From that time on, I let Rosie have all the stage coach stuff. He doesn't mind. He isn't afraid of anything.

"But I'll say this for Rosie—he does hate awfully to get dirty! The other day I was to go down through a trap door, falling into a cave about twelve feet deep. Rosie asked me if I minded doing it. So I said all right. But hereafter Rosie can get dirty for all of me. Something happened to the trap door, it broke, and down I went unexpectedly. I was unhurt, however. I was frayed and torn and smothered in dirt, and there stood Rosie all spick and span!

"I often wish I had a double after I've started in to do a scene, though. For instance, that time when I had to go on a burning roof. It was close-up stuff, and the director wanted it to be vivid. The flames had died down by the time I had climbed on the roof, from which, by the way, the only way down was a small ladder. The director called for more fire, and the assistant director in his enthusiasm zealously poured a gallon of kerosene on the flames. They shot up all around me, blinded me, scorched my clothing, my face and hands, and singed my hair. I don't know how I ever found my way to the ladder, but somehow I did.

"He does my long-distance swimming shots, but these are few, and I do all my own close-up and middle-distance swimming shots, as of course I'm an accomplished swimmer, and not at all afraid of doing stunts in the water."

BY THIS time Ruth was all dolled up like a million dollars, her car was chugging outside, and we stepped into it.

"Doubles are more common than you think," she said, as we bowled along Western Avenue. "Many stars use them almost altogether for long shots. It saves their own time and strength."

"What is the idea of the poor, down-trodden, nameless double wanting to take such a job?" I asked.

"Oh, he or she always expects to become a star some day. At that some of our stars have started as doubles. Did you know that Lois Wilson used to double for Mary Pickford?"

I gasped a bit, and just then the good-looking young Robert Rose dashed up alongside Ruth's car, nearly locking wheels.

"Don't do your stuff off-stage!" commanded Ruth.

Robert blushed and lived up to his last name.

"Anyhow I'm going to die for you tomorrow!" he laughed back at us.

# The FOLLY of MAN

*Concluding Instalment of*

## *"The Tiger's Claw"*

*Novelized by*

**Edward Ettinger**

*From the Paramount photoplay starring, **Jack Holt***

"You false creature," cried *Sandell*, "your time has come to die!"

***What has happened so far:***

**SAM SANDELL, an engineer, constructing a dam in India, is clawed by a tiger. He is saved by**
**CHAMELI, a half-caste, who also nurses him back to life. He marries her and they live together with**
**AZUN, the mother of Chameli. She has a dislike for**
**RAJ SINGH, a Hindoo, educated in Europe, who is in love with Chameli. He conspires with**
**SATHOO RAM, a Thugee chief, to destroy the dam, and murder the whites. Sathoo Ram learns that Sandell has gone to Bhangapur for a conference regarding the work. He persuades Chameli to go there. She finds Sandell sitting with**
**HARRIET HALEHURST, the white girl with whom Sandell had been in love and with whom he had quarrelled three years before. She has come with**
**HENRY HALEHURST, her father, who owns the works, and**
**COLONEL BYNG, an engineer.**
**Back in the jungle again, Chameli, fearing that the white girl may get Sandell, drugs him and keeps him in that condition.**

WHEN Halehurst, Harriet and Col. Byng arrived at the dam, they found Sandell in a deplorable condition. His clothes were soiled, his face unshaved, and his hair unkempt. When he attempted walking, he reeled like a drunkard. The deadly drug concocted by Sathoo Ram was doing its work with telling effect.

Halehurst looked at Sandell with disgust.

"You're a fine specimen of a white man," he said, "fit for the gutter only; but what can you expect of any white who would marry a half-caste. I'll have no drunkard in charge of any of my work. You're discharged. Do you understand? You can pack up your belongings and leave whenever you are ready?"

Sandell muttered a few incoherent words and, turning his back on them, staggered down the road. Harriet watched him with pity in her eyes. In vain did she plead for him. Her father remained obdurate and nothing that she could say would be sufficient for reinstating him.

Harriet decided to act on her own initiative. She had loved Sandell; in fact, she still loved him, and it broke her heart to see him falling so low. He had been such a fine, splendid fellow and now he had become a hopeless drunkard.

Harriet watched for him the next day and when he mounted his horse and rode out into the jungle, she followed him. As she caught up with him, she put her hand on the bridle and stopped his horse.

Sandell looked at her through half open, dreary eyes.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded gruffly.

"I want to talk to you, Sam," she said in a low voice, as she put her hand on his arm. "Tell me, what is the trouble? A week ago you looked like a man and now you look like a wreck. Why this sudden change?"

"It's nothing," he replied, shaking off her hand. "I'm all right. Must go home now. Must get a drink. Don't bother me. Hear that?"

"I will bother you," she said, determinedly, "you're sinking lower and lower. You've almost reached the bottom. You've got to save yourself before it is too late. I'm going to help you whether you like it or not."

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed at her. "You're going to be my life saver, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

Harriet bit her lower lip in anger.

"Yes, I will save you," she said, "for I'm going to wake you up. Everything that is decent in you has not died yet. If words cannot awaken you, perhaps this will."

With all the strength that was in her, she slashed him across the face with her riding whip, once, twice, three times.

"Perhaps that will bring you to your senses!" she shouted, as she dug her heels into her horse and galloped away.

THE CRUEL, stinging blows shook Sandell to his very toes. They smarted and pained. They almost threw him off his horse. Luckily, he held on to the bridle. They seemed to have driven all the drug and drink out of him for the moment. His head no longer seemed heavy. Everything seemed to be much clearer to him.

"The little witch!" he muttered as he went tearing through the jungle. "I'll show her!"

It was at a very critical moment that he caught up with her. She was sitting on her horse, motionless, as if paralyzed with fear. Not very far from her was a huge, ferocious tiger, already in a crouching position, ready to spring upon her. Sandell whipped out his gun and in the instant that the tiger sprang at Harriet, he shot at him with a deadly aim that killed the animal on the spot.

Sandell jumped off his horse and ran over to Harriet. She fell into his arms in a dead faint. He laid her down very gently and tried to revive her. In a moment or two, she opened her eyes and seeing that Sandell had his arms around her, she closed them again, very much contented with the situation.

The pistol shot had been heard by Halehurst and Col. Byng, who, from the shelter of a howdah, on the back of a great big elephant, were out tiger hunting in the jungle. Thinking it might be a tiger who was being shot at, they immediately rushed to the scene from which the sound had come.

It was quite a surprise to Halehurst to find his daughter there in the arms of Sandell, but when he saw the carcass of the tiger not very far away, he soon realized the situation.

He walked over to Sandell and offered him his hand.

"I want to thank you for saving my daughter's life," he said.

Sandell arose, ignored the outstretched hand, and walked away.

Harriet turned to her father.

"We must save him," she said. "The white man in him is coming to the front. He is better already. I have a suspicion that he is being drugged by his wife. If we could only remove him from her influence, we may be able to save him yet."

"Perhaps I was a little too hasty in my judgment," Halehurst remarked. "In view of the good work which he formerly did, he deserves a chance. But how can we get him to come with us?"

"Kidnap him," Harriet suggested.

"Good idea! I will get my men to overpower him. We will tie him up, bring him to the boat house and there we will take care of him. Perhaps, if we remove the sinister influence, we may make a man of him again."

Sandell was no match for twenty natives. He put up a struggle, but they soon had him bound hand and foot. He was carried back to the boathouse, placed upon a cot and tied to it. There was someone watching at all times so that he would not be able to escape.

RAJ SINGH, with his European clothes and European manners, walked up to Halehurst while the latter was inspecting the dam.

"I bear you greetings," he said, bowing politely, "from Sathoo Ram."

"And what is it that Sathoo Ram wishes?" Halehurst asked.

(*Continued on page 28*)

# WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

## One Star After Another

Well, it seems that John Pialoglou, Constance Talmadge's former husband, just has to have a star on whom to lavish his attentions and his jewelry. He is divorced from Constance, and is now devoting his attentions to another prominent screen luminary.

The star whom he has now taken a fancy to is separated from her husband, but is not divorced. Before she left New York for California recently, Mr. Pialoglou showered on her a great deal of expensive jewelry. One day he sent her a diamond solitaire, the next day came a wrist watch paved with diamonds, followed by a lavalliere and other little trinkets like that.

Isn't it perfectly thrilling to have such a "gifted" admirer!

## Another Romance in the Air

Speaking of romance, there's another possible one in the air. Virginia Brown Faire is the lady in question; rumor has it that when H. H. Van Loan, the scenario writer, is freed from his present wife, Virginia Brown Faire will be Mrs. Van Loan.

Virginia says the rumor is ridiculous. "Being engaged to a married man isn't being done this season," says Virginia. "Mr. Van Loan and his wife have been separated for more than two years, but he and I are merely good friends."

But a little thing like a denial doesn't always stop a rumor.

## More Romantic Speculation

And, still speaking of romance, everyone is wondering whether Mabel Normand is married or not, or if she is just having the time of her life kidding people. For she told a large dinner party of friends not long ago that she was married to an English nobleman, that she meant to make just one more picture and then go to England to accept a big offer which she has there. She does not intend, she says, to give up her career.

Mabel wore a white satin dress at the dinner party, which she said was her wedding dress. She declared also that a ring she wore was her wedding ring.

Is she, or isn't she, spoofing?

## But We Mustn't Mention Names

This story that is going the rounds of Hollywood would make a good scenario. It concerns a popular young lady star whom we all know. She found that her husband was straying from the fireside, being vamped by an extra girl in good old movie fashion.

Did the star tear her hair and chew up her handkerchief? She did not. She is a wise young lady.

She called up the extra girl and suggested that they go on a trip together for several weeks. The extra was flattered by so much attention from a star. She went, in great excitement. During the trip, the wife introduced the fascinating vamp who had almost wrecked her home to a man who had no home to wreck. The vamp and the man fell for each other. They are now engaged to be married!

The star went home quite triumphantly and told her husband calmly about the extra girl's engagement, never letting on for a minute that she knew her hubby had been straying. Now all is sweetness and light between them, and one perfectly good home in Hollywood remains as good as ever.

And we ask, as one movie fan to another, wouldn't that make a corking scenario?

**There's one thing we know about *"Youth Must Have Love,"* *Shirley Mason's* new picture. It wasn't taken in *Alaska*.**

## Shooing the Bull

Charles Ray was an honest-to-goodness hero one day last week. He rescued Enid Bennett from a bull.

It all happened when they were taking scenes in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," in which Miss Bennett had to ride a bull. When Enid mounted him, he seemed amiable enough, but suddenly he began plunging about in a most angry manner. Miss Bennett was thrown off, the bull kicked her and was about to attack her with his horns, when Charles Ray, the hero of the picture, proved the hero of the occasion as well. He picked Miss Bennett up and dashed with her to a place of safety.

The bull didn't confide the cause of his grievance to anyone, but as he had been whitened for the occasion, it rather looked as if he wanted to register an objection to his make-up.

## Buster, Jr., "Busts" Into Movies

Buster Keaton, Jr., isn't wasting much time about picking his career. Here he is breaking into the movies at the age of not much more than nothing. He is going to play with his aunt, Constance Talmadge, in "Dulcy," and even though it won't be the leading male role in the picture, it will be, so far as Constance is concerned. Just try to get Constance to pay more attention to anyone than she pays to that nephew of hers!

It hasn't been announced yet just what role Buster, Jr. is to play, but our guess is that he'll play the part of a baby.

## Strongheart As a Barker

Strongheart, the famous police dog, is the latest to become a radio fan. He recently talked, or rather barked, over the radio in Banff, Alberta, Canada. There wasn't any doubt about being able to hear that bark of Strongheart's. It boomed out so loudly to those listening in that it sounded like a warning of the end of the world.

In fact, one fan telephoned that they didn't need to put out the cat in her house that night. The cat himself was so put out by that ominous barking that he leaped outside and started running. At last accounts, he was still running.

And all because Strongheart was doing his best to issue a challenge to team dogs to run in the great Canadian sledge dog classic at Banff.

## Back to the Stage

Helen Jerome Eddy is bound for the stage. There's no stopping her. And she certainly has a right to be there, judging by her very excellent work in "Case No. 28," which is playing some of the Western theatres on the Pantages circuit.

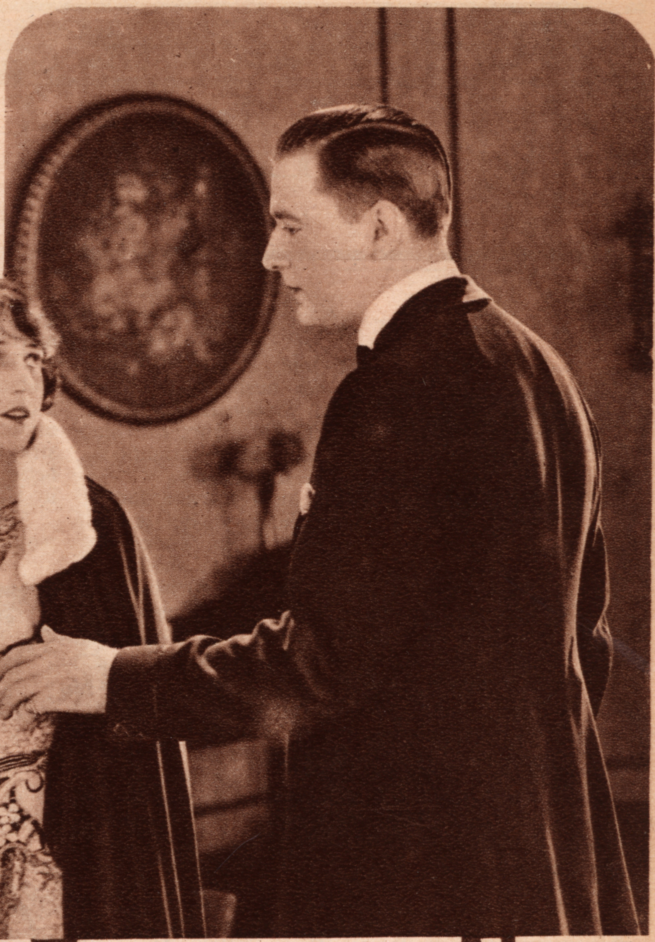
She has an additional interest in the play as it was written by her friend, Ray Carroll. She expects shortly to go to New York and then—we shall see what we shall see!

## Nigel Barrie's Travelogues

Nigel Barrie reports that he is having a very dirty time of it in Egypt, where he is working in a picture called "Fires of Fate."

"Location work in Cairo is very different from Hollywood Boulevard," writes Mr. Barrie. "We worked there all today, and the filth and odors were trying. But we are seeing a lot of new sights, and find the experience enjoyable."

# SHEILA flees again



"Tell me, *Sheila!* What did that man say to you?" Norries demanded.

*The Sixth Instalment of*

## "The Girl Who Came Back"

*From the Preferred Picture based on the stage play by*

**Charles Blaney and Samuel Golding**

*Novelized by*

**Lawrence Langdon**

***The story so far:***

**Sheila Weston, an unsophisticated country girl, is arrested a moment after she has been married to Ray Underhill, an automobile thief. Both she and Underhill are sent to prison. Underhill, with the connivance of Convict No. 555, an eccentric life termer, escapes with Convict No. 648.**

**The two men go to a house where No. 648 has some money concealed. Ray is forced to leave the house and to go it alone. He returns to Sheila, who has been released, and in her room in a New York tenement house, he is again arrested. But he has had time to tell Sheila of the money in No. 648's house, and she, determined to avenge herself against miscarried justice, visits that house and steals the money.**

**She leaves America, going to South Africa where, because of her beauty, she easily enters any society she chooses. She reads that Underhill has been killed in another attempt to escape, and meets and marries Norries, a South African diamond magnate. Against her better judgment she is induced to return to America with her husband.**

WITH drooping head and shamed face, Ray Underhill stood before Sheila Weston, the girl whose life he had ruined, the woman who now believed him to be her husband, although she had since entered another marriage contract with Norries, the man she truly loved.

Ray gazed wretchedly at her. He was obviously broken in spirit. His clothes were shabby. Dark circles shadowed his hollow eyes. A broken, death-like figure of a man he was, almost a ghost, a man claimed by drugs, an addict.

Sheila stared at him in horror. She lifted her hands as if to repulse him.

"I thought you were dead," she cried in a voice she barely recognized as her own. "The papers said——"

Her voice fell. She looked over her shoulder and saw Norries starting toward the window, taking a few last puffs at his cigar. Ray noted her glance. Although he was a lost soul, completely in the power of Valhays, his eyes still revealed his adoration of Sheila. He withdrew into the shadow of the French window, so that Norries might not see him. But Valhays pressed her.

He took a step nearer and with triumph in his voice, demanded suavely:

"Now . . . do you want *your husband* to meet Mr. Norries?"

She saw Ray turn unhappily to the man; she saw Valhays silencing Ray with a gesture of his hand, and she looked again toward the terrace where Norries, still smoking, glanced toward her. She saw Norries throw away his cigar and walk resolutely toward her. At that, she sank back into the wicker chair near the door, almost fainting.

Valhays stood beside her. Tears streamed down her face as she looked up at him.

"I've only a little money left," she implored. "I've been giving to charities, trying to atone, to be what Martin Norries thinks me to be . . ."

"What do I care?" Valhays sneered. "You know what I want. I——"

He broke off. Norries was entering the house from the side door. He would walk through and find the trio on the porch. Sheila's strength gave way. She was stricken with fear. And Valhays was unwilling to be caught by Norries, for he motioned Ray away, and leaning over Sheila he spoke to her imperatively:

"You will meet me at your bank tomorrow. If you fail, I will tell everything."

No word of protest crossed Sheila's lips. She was far too miserable to speak. She watched the two men hurry away, and just as they disappeared down the path, she heard Norries approach her.

At first Norries did not understand. But as he saw her tear-stained cheeks, amazement made him hurry toward her.

"What's wrong?" he asked, placing his hand gently on her arm.

She lifted a wan face toward him. He saw her tears.

"What did he say?" Norries demanded. "What is that man to you?"

Like a wild beast harried by a hunter, Sheila shrank from him. She rose, and flinging her hands above her head, darted away, into the house. In her heart she felt that all was finished. She could never explain to Norries. And Norries, his heart filled with misgivings, suspicious of her, jealous, would never again love her as he had in these wonderful days, thus brought to a close.

YET, FOR the moment, Norries was only puzzled. He hurried after her, and caught her arm as she was about to pass through the drawing room. He grasped her almost roughly and wheeled her about. Tensely, in a voice choked with emotion, he insisted:

"Tell me, Sheila! What did that man say to you?"

She determined to play for time. She lifted her head and assumed a hardness of expression she did not feel.

"Suppose I refuse to be questioned in that manner?" she said coldly. His hand released her. She hurried from the room, while he stood staring at her with clenched hands. He was confused. He could not plumb the mystery. Why did she act so? What did it all mean?

He did not follow her into her room, the door of which she closed and locked. For the moment she stood waiting, anticipating his footsteps. At first he did not come, but a moment later she heard him approaching. He grasped the doorknob, shook it angrily.

"Let me in, Sheila!" he demanded.

When she did not reply, he bent all his force to the door, hurling his shoulders against it. At last the simple lock gave way, and he threw it back, opening it, and striding into the room where she stood, with hand to mouth, terrified. She shrank away from him, but he caught her again by the arm. This time he crushed her to his breast, held her there for a moment and then lifted her away from him.

"Can't you understand, Sheila?" he demanded. "I don't care what that man told you. I don't care who he is or what he said. Whatever it may be, I won't give you up. Do you hear me?"

Again he held her, crushed in the circle of his arms. Again he kissed her, fiercely, ravenously. And she, worn, tired, now ceased to struggle. Her head fell back against his arm, her eyes closed

(Continued on page 30)

# Where Fan Meets Fan

**HAVE YOU EVER MET A SCREEN STAR?**

**Many of you, perhaps, have had the good fortune to see your film favorites in person. If so, we should like to hear your experience. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.**

## This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

In Detroit not so very long ago, I saw the brilliant star of "Madame X" in her new play, "The Guilty One," and having journeyed some seventy miles to do so, I was earnestly hoping not to be disappointed. I wasn't. I was so captivated by Miss Frederick's charming personality that after the performance I wrote (on the back of an old envelope) a request to meet her. Very shortly a maid appeared and ushered me into the star's dressing room.

Miss Frederick, still in her stage costume of a shade but slightly more subdued than flame, rose to greet me—and fans, did you know that she is not at all as tall as she appears in the films—did you know that her eyes are enchanting green-grey-blue, that her hair is not black, but a soft shade of brown, that she smiles almost continually and with her droll remarks, keeps her hearers smiling, too? She fairly radiates life, pep and happiness.

She showed me her clothes and the jewelry she had worn in the play. One ring, a gift from an admirer, was made from a button that had ornamented the coat of Aaron Burr. She showed me where the wire shank had been filed away.

Miss Frederick, with all the excuse in the world to be up-stage, is as much the opposite as the humblest of any of us. She has a charming speaking voice and is a delightful entertainer. Her handclasp is firm and reassuring. I can imagine nothing more to be desired than to count her a friend. When I made my adieu she asked for my address and not long thereafter, I received not one, but two charming photographs autographed to me and addressed in her own handwriting.

CARLITA MORELAND.

## J. Warren Kerrigan in His Garden

My girl friend and I took a trip to California and our one purpose was to meet J. Warren Kerrigan. We always admired him from the time movies first came out. When we reached Los Angeles we learned where Mr. Kerrigan lived and we passed his home many times in hopes of getting a glimpse at our idol.

I remember the first time we saw him. It was just like a dream realized. We then made up our minds to get an introduction to Warren and we succeeded. I shall never forget that day. Warren was in his garden looking after the plants and shrubbery. We were introduced to him in a very informal way.

I then asked him if he would object to having his picture taken. He consented, providing we girls would "pose" with him. He put his arms around both of us and I held my arm about his waist so tightly that I strained the muscles in my face, and when the picture was developed I looked as though I were in pain instead of heaven. In conclusion, I wish to say, that it sure is a grand and glorious feeling to meet a screen star in person.

DOROTHY HUBER.

## Stars of "Dagmar" in Person

I saw Madame Nazimova and her husband in person and I was more than thrilled to see them leave their limousine in front of the theatre where they were opening the new play, "Dagmar."

They both looked stunning, and although the play was the best I have yet seen and the talent of Nazimova captivated all, yet the few minutes at the entrance was the happiest I have experienced because just as she was about to enter she turned so gracefully and her alluring smile shall never be forgotten.

She is beautiful on the screen, but with her silvery voice she certainly is doubly attractive in person.

I could write continuously about the charms of the screen stars I have met, as they are the most wonderful people.

EMMA MARTIN.

**One horse power is quite enough for *Arita Gillman*, the seventh beautiful wife in *"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."***

## A Glimpse of Mary Pickford in London

It was my great pleasure to see our beloved Mary Pickford while she was in London.

Seeing the crowds gathered around the station, I presumed some royal personage was expected, but upon making inquiries was told that "America's Sweetheart" was to arrive in a few minutes. This was too great an opportunity to miss, so I lined up with the crowd.

Alas, the glimpse I had was all too short. I could see her golden hair glinting in the sun, and her beautiful face shining with pleasure at the ovation she received. She was, if possible, more beautiful in reality than on the screen, and I was more enthusiastic about her than ever. She is as sweet as the garden flowers our grandmothers grew.

I also saw Clara Kimball Young when she visited Ogden. She is exotic, a rare type of beauty.

MAISIE FRUTIGER.

## Stars As Shoppers

It was at the opening of one of Cleveland's most beautiful theatres that a bevy of stars appeared in person. Previous to their personal appearance in the theatre, they all went on a shopping tour in one of our department stores.

It was here I saw Ruth Roland tender a hundred dollar bill to the clerk in payment for a "doll-lamp" frame, which she told Lillian (Dimples) Walker she was going to make-up. Montagu Love looked like a big, burly caveman. Dorothy Phillips, holding on to her husband, Allen Holubar's arm, was as shy and modest as a blushing violet. Hope Hampton, who was practically unknown in Cleveland at the time, was accompanied by her press agent, who was introducing her to everyone in a manner that led us to believe she would not long be unknown, if he could help it. I truly felt as fortunate as any of the residents of Hollywood that day.

G. R. O.

## A Glimpse of Thomas Meighan

I am a Chicago girl and have never had the good fortune to meet a movie star in person. However, while spending a vacation in Los Angeles, I experienced the thrill of meeting a movie star and idol of my dreams.

Walking down Broadway, I recognized Thomas Meighan strolling along leisurely, and he almost took my breath away. He was going south on Broadway and I was going in the opposite direction, but I followed him and got a few yards ahead and then stopped, pretending to be interested in the shop window display and in so doing I got a good look at the most wonderful man in the movies today. I felt as though my trip to Los Angeles was well worth while.

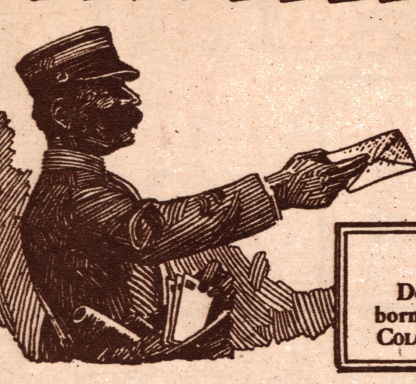
ELSIE WESSLING.

## Rudolph Visits a Hospital

When Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino visited St. Louis, all the fans were wild to see him, but I know everyone will envy me, for I am sure we saw him as he is in real life, a man and not a matinee idol. With the mayor and officials of the city, they visited the city institutions; the Tuberculosis Hospital was one of the favored.. They visited the divisions and if anyone ever gave patients more pleasure than his visit caused, I cannot remember it, for they all to this day read and save the articles about him.

The pet of the Sanitarium is a blue-eyed blond boy not a year old. Rudolph picked him up—well, I confess I never miss his pictures, but his expression then, seemed to rival all his love scenes.

L R



# What Makes Wanda's Hair Curl?

**ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?**

**Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or she—is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.**

SWEET MAMMA—So you'll send me one of your pictures to put in my cut-glass watch? I do hope your face wouldn't stop the clock. I think we have already printed about all there is to be said concerning scenario writing. Did you read all the copies of Movie Weekly in which that series ran?

OLE S.—So you want me to elope? You wouldn't want me to get arrested for bigamy, would you? Norma Talmadge's address is 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Tom Gallery is the husband of ZaSu Pitts. His latest picture is "A Daughter of Luxury."

I. M. SMALL—How do you mean, physically or mentally? D. W. Griffith's latest picture is "The White Rose," which hasn't been released yet. Lillian Gish has been in Italy playing in "The White Sister." Richard Barthelmess is twenty-seven. Yes, I suppose William Farnum will keep on making cowboy pictures; that is his specialty, isn't it?

MISS ANXIOUS—It's good of you to wish I'd get a raise. If all the wishes all the fans express to me on the subject were to come true, I'd get a raise every other week at least. I'd like to be obliging and ask Viola Dana if she would answer your letter; would you suggest that I step over to California this evening after dinner and ask her? Mae Murray lives at 1 W. 67th St., New York. I don't know the home addresses of Ramon Novarro or Barbara La Marr, but you can write her at the Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California, and Ramon at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

DIMPLES—Who is considered the prettiest girl on the screen? I should come back at you and ask, by whom? I didn't know the world was unanimous on the subject. Richard Barthelmess is married to Mary Hay and they have a daughter several months old. Rudolph Valentino was once married to Jean Acker. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, of Swedish descent. Her hobby is horseback riding.

OLD RELIABLE—So you bet me a nickel cigar that I am not old? What, I ask, would I do with a nickel cigar. Surely you don't expect me to smoke it? No, Grace Cunard does not play in pictures now. About a year ago she played a small role with the Carter De Havens in "The Girl in the Taxi." Yes, "Three Live Ghosts" was filmed in England. No, Rudolph Valentino will not make any more pictures for about a year, until his present contract with Paramount runs out. Ella Hall is twenty-five.

KITTY—Well, keep the claws in when you're around me. Marion Davies is about twenty-five. She is not married. Her address is International Studios, 2nd Ave. and 127th St., New York. Forrest Stanley is in his thirties and is married to Marion Hutchins.

R. I. S. R.—Why be so mysterious with all those initials? Do you want me to lie awake nights wondering what they mean? Stuart Holmes played Fritz Von Tarlenheim in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Ethel Clayton's husband, Joseph Kaufman, died five years ago of influenza. Her latest picture is "Can a Woman Love Twice?"

**"What's all the frowning for?" asks *Pauline Starke* of *Rosemary Theby* in *"Lost and Found."***

MOVIE FAN—Well, I never stood Rudolph and Winifred up side by side to see which was the taller, but my guess is that she is practically as tall as he is.

MIKE AND IKE—I see you're still on the job, looking, I suppose, as much alike as ever. Someone should give one of you a black eye so you would look less like each other. As to whether Wanda Hawley's hair is naturally curly, or she puts it up in "crimpers"—what do you suppose she'd say to me if I asked her a personal question like that? She is five feet three and has grey eyes. She is Mrs. Burton Hawley.

L. H. N.—Eugene O'Brien is thirty-nine and has never been married. He doesn't play in pictures any more, but at present is appearing on the stage in "Steve." Robert Ellis doesn't give his age.

MY SWEET SWEET SWEETIE—And I don't like sweets very well! So I'm the only Colonel you have. Too bad, but surely you have a couple of majors and lieutenants on the string. You want one of my pictures with a hat on? I tried to be obliging, but the picture is too little. Every time I put a hat on it, it falls right off again. Ruth Roland has auburn hair and violet eyes, and is five feet four inches tall.

BRIGHT EYES AND RED HAIR—Thanks for the love and kisses. Shall I put in an order for more? Eugene O'Brien lives at 71 Central Park West, New York, but he is touring the country now in a stage play. Lewis Stone lives at 212 S. Wilton Place, Los Angeles.

SUNNY—'Twould be nice to have you hanging around our office on a rainy day. So you think I am just as nice as any of the famous actors? I'm so glad somebody agrees with me on that subject. No, Laurette Taylor is not related to Estelle Taylor. Barbara La Marr is about twenty-five, about five feet four inches tall and a brunette. Write her at the Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. Viola Dana can be reached at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Harold Lloyd lives at 369 S. Hoover St., Los Angeles. Write Constance Binney care of P. Micheals, 957 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn.

CURIOUS BETTY—I often have Brown Betty for dinner at night, but I never heard of Curious Betty. Rudolph Valentino is twenty-seven and is married to Winifred Hudnut. Yes, dancing is his hobby. I don't know whether he sends out pictures or not, but you can write to his home, 50 W. 67th St., New York City.

MADGE—So you have a whole page more of questions to ask me? Perhaps I had better set aside a special "Madge" edition, like the Jackie Coogan number, to answer them in. Rudolph will probably return to pictures when his contract with Paramount expires and allows him to play with another company. In the meanwhile, he and his wife are dancing in cabarets all over the country. Winifred Hudnut is the step-daughter of Richard Hudnut, the perfumer. Hollywood is eight miles from the business district of Los Angeles.

WINNIE WINKLE—So you know Ramon Novarro's cousin? I can go you one better; I know Ramon. No, Metro has not yet starred Ramon; he is still to make several pictures for Rex Ingram, and Rex Ingram's pictures do not have stars. Antonio Moreno is now working in "The Exciters." No, he will not make "The Spanish Cavalier," which was intended for Rudolph. That has been changed about with the woman's role as the star one, and Pola Negri will play it.

DARDENELLA — Where did you come from? I thought "Dardenella" had been stuck behind the piano by now. Thomas Meighan is forty; his latest picture is "The Ne'er Do Well."

ANXIOUS BETTY—Ah, there, Betty—you slipped, asking me for an answer in the next issue. The next issue was already issued. Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck; she is Irish. Write her at the United Studio, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

RENIE — No, your question didn't knock me off my feet. Because why? Because I wasn't on my feet. I was on a chair. Harold Lockwood died of influenza in 1918. J. Warren Kerrigan's new picture is "The Covered Wagon," a big Paramount special. So glad you like my answers; I just had a raise, thank you.

*Sincerely Yours*
*The Colonel*

# Before Your Mirror with Gloria Swanson

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gloria Swanson has kindly consented to co-operate with the editors of Movie Weekly in conducting a beauty department, but the editors request that our readers do not ask Miss Swanson for personal advice in their beauty problems. Not only is giving such advice a greater undertaking than Miss Swanson has time for, but there is the added factor that individual complexion problems can only be diagnosed by a skin specialist.*

## Charm

Have you ever noticed beautiful women who are so colorless in personality that their beauty is entirely submerged? Likewise, have you noticed women whose features are not in the least beautiful when you analyze them coldly, but who nevertheless seem beautiful? Among the most charming women I have ever known were women who were positively ugly, but who possessed so much magnetism, such grace of manner that their friends would never think of their lack of beauty.

It seems to me that charm without beauty is infinitely preferable to beauty without charm. So, whether you are satisfied with your looks or not, you should do your best to cultivate magnetism, personality, that subtle quality which makes you attractive to others. The cultivation of such charm is not by any means easy, but it can be done.

One of the most important things to consider in this connection is your voice. That is something which you can easily improve by your own efforts, and any such efforts will amply repay you. If your voice is low pitched and well modulated, you will find yourself listened to with interest. Voices that sound like music to the ears seldom lack listeners. If, on the contrary, you speak in a rasping, shrill tone, it is unlikely that your friends will wait breathlessly for you to speak. And above all, don't let a whine creep into your voice.

When you speak, try to talk from the depths of your throat. You will find your voice comes out mellow and rich. By constant vigilance you can avoid high pitched nasal tones; watch any tendency you may have to let your voice get out of hand in moments of excitement. And talk slowly. You will find that it is easier to speak properly when you give each word plenty of time to come out; don't be a chattering magpie.

It requires more effort to talk in low tones than to speak in a nasal pitch; the mere effort of pitching your voice properly will keep you from being too much of a chatterbox. A full, rounded voice, always calm, does more than anything else to give one an air of poise. And poise is most important; it is one of the differences between a woman who is sure of herself and one who isn't. It is needless to say that a woman who is sure of herself is much the more likely to make others sure of her charms.

Laughter is something else that you should watch. Laugh all you like, but not too loudly. A shrill, coarse laugh will detract immeasurably from your charm, while a well-pitched musical laugh will add to your attractiveness.

These are only a few of the factors that go to make a woman charming. I will discuss the subject further in a later article.

Gloria Swanson

# Screen Stars in Flounce and Puff

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In this issue of Movie Weekly, Bebe Daniels concludes her series of articles giving advice to brunettes. The column will be conducted by other authorities in the world of fashion.*

Because of her natural coloring, the choice of jewelry for the brunette is a matter of the utmost care. Not everyone can afford expensive jewels. But everyone can show taste and discretion in their selection.

Platinum jewelry seems to have been designed especially for the dusky or brunette beauty. It often appears colorless on a blonde; it harmonizes perfectly with the brunette.

Gold, on the other hand, too often lends a barbaric touch to the toilette of the dark-haired girl. In very rare cases it can be worn, but for nine out of every ten brunettes gold jewelry is not to be recommended.

Pearls are universal favorites and the clever imitations sold everywhere put them within the reach of almost anyone's pocketbook. They are most effectively worn by brunettes with black gowns and hats. This color combination sets off the glorious color of the pearls to the best advantage.

I sometimes think there is a little touch of barbarian in every girl with dark hair and eyes. That is why we all love the bizarre in jewelry. My choice always runs to jade and Oriental things and I am not alone in my taste. Long earrings are lovely and give an Oriental note that suits many dark-complexioned girls.

Too much jewelry, whatever its character and quality, is fatal to smartness. Of course that applies to blondes as well as brunettes. But brunettes show off either good or bad jewelry more than the fairer women because of the contrast.

**In *"Glimpses of the Moon,"* Bebe Daniels wears this ever so dainty negligee. It is of embroidered silk net in a delicate peach color, bound with ribbon of a darker tone, and trimmed with flowers of pastel shades and ribbon. The underslip is of peach-colored satin.**

Exercise is the basis of good health. Good health includes beauty of face and beauty of figure. Hence exercise and good figures are absolutely inseparable. Diet may play its part. But the girl or woman who takes the right kind of exercise will not have to worry much about her diet.

There are dozens of routine exercises revealed daily in the sport pages of every newspaper and easily mastered. But I personally prefer to get my exercise in a more interesting way. I have the highest regard for the routine setting-up exercises, but I believe that the same results can be achieved in more pleasant ways.

Swimming and horseback riding are twin favorites of mine and I do not know of two more healthful forms of exercise. You never saw a fat woman riding horseback. The reason is that women who ride don't get fat.

Swimming brings into play muscles that never receive exercise in the normal routine of modern existence. Swimmers are almost invariably reasonably slender and above all things graceful. That is the result of the exercise of the little-used muscles that produce awkwardness because of their disuse.

Hiking is recommended by many beauty experts. However, the average women gets her fair share of pedestrianism.

Plumpness is the bane of many women's lives. Possibly because I am a brunette I think that an overly plump brunette is much less attractive than the blonde who is too stout. Fat on the brunette is slovenly. Exercise and avoid it.

# The Tiger's Claw

(Continued from page 22)

"Sathoo Ram requests that you, your daughter and Col. Byng attend a native feast of friendship tomorrow afternoon within sight of the dam."

Halehurst considered the invitation for a moment, and then replied: "Very well, you may tell Sathoo Ram that we shall be there."

Raj Singh bowed once more and departed.

"Do you think we should go?" Col. Byng asked of Halehurst. "Perhaps it is one of those Thugee feasts."

"I hardly think so. You see, the feast is to take place in the afternoon and right within sight of the dam. However, as a precaution, we will arm ourselves. But we must go. This Sathoo Ram is practically the leader of the natives, and if he should take a sudden dislike to us, the work on the dam would never be completed."

"Well, I hope you are right," said the Colonel. "But I would much rather feast with white men than with natives."

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. Sandell was still in the boathouse, tied to the cot. Having been deprived of drink and drugs for over twenty-four hours, his mind had become clearer and he could feel some of his former strength returning. In vain did he struggle to release himself. The ropes were too firmly tied.

George Malvin was the only one left in the boathouse. The others had gone to the native feast. Seated, with his feet on the railing, smoking his pipe, Malvin soon commenced to drowse and finally ended up in a sleep.

Azun, who had been waiting for this opportunity, quietly crept up to the window. Upon being recognized by Sandell, she put one finger to her lips to caution him to remain silent.

She crept inside stealthily and bending over the cot, whispered: "Oh, Sandell Sahib, there is treachery going on at my house. While you are away, Raj Singh is making ardent love to Chameli. You must do something. She is my child and I would rather see her dead than unfaithful."

"Cut these ropes, Azun, and I will be free. Then I will reckon with him."

She pulled out a dagger from her bosom and quickly cut the ropes. Sandell took hold of a huge vase and threw it into the river. It fell with a splash that awakened Malvin. As he rushed over to the rail and looked down into the water, Sandell and Azun went out through the side door. They fairly ran to the home of Azun, where Chameli was staying.

WHEN Sandell entered the courtyard, he found Raj Singh and Chameli seated on one of the marble benches. Raj Singh had his arms around her and his lips were tightly pressed to hers. So interested were they in each other, that they did not hear Sandell approaching.

He took hold of Raj Singh by the collar and lifted him off the bench.

"I warned you to keep away from Chameli," he said, as he struck him a crushing blow which sent him to the ground.

Every man wishes to appear a hero in the eyes of the woman he loves. Raj Singh was no exception to this rule. He got up on his feet and made a mad rush at Sandell. The latter side-stepped the rush and caught Raj Singh another blow on the jaw which sent him to the ground once more. This seemed to knock all the fighting spirit out of the Hindoo.

Then Sandell walked over to Chameli.

"And you, you false creature, your time has come, too."

Chameli looked at him defiantly.

"I care not if I die," she said, "for if I do, I die happy, knowing that the white girl will never have you. At this very minute, she and her father and the Colonel Byng are in the valley, being entertained by Sathoo Ram. He is giving them a native feast. Do you know what that means?"

"A Thugee feast?"

"Yes, that is what it is, although they suspect it not. At this very minute, perhaps, Sathoo Ram's priests are showing them Hindoo handkerchief tickets, and as they become interested, the priests will throw the handkerchiefs around the necks of the whites and strangle them."

"Good God!" Sandell exclaimed. "I must save them if it is not yet too late."

He brushed her aside and ran through the courtyard.

"No, no, you shall not save them!" Chameli cried, running after him, in the hope of stopping him.

Raj Singh had, by this time, regained his senses somewhat and drew his revolver from his back pocket. He took aim at Sandell with an unsteady hand.

Crack! The revolver shot off.

It was not Sandell who fell, but Chameli, who, just as Raj Singh pulled the trigger, had run into the line of fire. She fell in a heap to the ground. Death was almost instant.

Azun could hardly believe her eyes as she saw her beautiful Chameli lying there dead, in a pool of blood. She crept up from behind Raj Singh and buried her dagger in his heart.

"Despoiler of women!" she muttered, and then wiped the blood from the dagger on the palm of her hand.

Sandell had heard the shot, but paid no attention to it. His thoughts were all of Harriet. If possible he must save her. Now that he had found Chameli faithless, he felt, in all honor, that he could turn to Harriet, the girl whom he had always loved. Sandell mounted his horse and rode, rode as only a man does when all that he holds dear in the world is at stake, rode as only a man does who realizes every second may mean life or death to his beloved one.

As he approached the bridge that led to the valley, he noticed that part of it had been washed away. A sinking feeling penetrated his heart. Would his horse be able to make that jump? Now, however, was not the time to hesitate. He dug his heels into his horse's flanks. And, as he approached that spot, he cried to the horse: "Jump, Blackie, you've got to make it." The horse responded as if he understood his master's wish. He made a fine, clean jump of it.

When Sandell came within sight of the dam, he heard a confusion of shouts and oaths and a babble of voices. Halehurst, Harriet, and the Colonel were fighting for their lives. They were struggling with the natives who were trying to strangle them.

Crack! went Sandell's gun as he shot at the native who tried to get hold of the bridle of his horse.

IN A CLUMP of bushes, not very far away from the dam, were three natives, ardent devotees of Thugeeism. They were to jam down the switch which would ignite the charge to blow up the dam. Very patiently they were waiting for the signal which had been agreed upon.

When Sandell shot his gun, he had unwittingly started the work of destruction.

"Did you hear that?" one of the Thugees asked.

"Yes, it is a pistol shot. It is the signal."

In less than half a minute the whole valley resounded to a loud and crashing noise. There was a terrific explosion as the dam was destroyed. Thousands upon thousands of gallons of water came rushing over the dam and into the valley, sweeping everything before them.

Sathoo Ram and his henchmen, realizing what this unexpected turn of events meant, ceased struggling with the whites and made a wild dash for safety.

Sandell sized up the situation in an instant. There could be but one shelter from these waters—a tree. He took hold of Harriet and, telling the other two to follow him, he ran for the large tree which stood near the bridge. He helped Harriet up the tree first, then Halehurst, and then Colonel Byng. In the meanwhile the water was coming nearer and nearer, and just as he was about to climb up, it came right at him with a force that tore his grip from the tree, swept him off his feet and carried him along. From their position in the tree, they could see him being swept along, but they were helpless to save him.

When the raging waters had subsided, they went in search of Sandell. They found him lying unconscious on the bank of the river. There was a wound on his head where he had hit a rock.

They carried him back to the house, the same house where Chameli had once nursed him after being clawed by a tiger. Now, however, it was Harriet who nursed him back to life.

Within a few days, he was himself again. He wondered why Chameli had not come to see him. Finally, he plucked up enough courage to ask Harriet.

"She was shot by Raj Singh," she informed him.

Sandell breathed a sigh of relief and inwardly offered up a prayer of thanks. He took hold of Harriet's hand.

"I've been an awful fool," he said, "and I wonder can you forgive me?"

"Of course I will, Sam. I've always loved you."

He put his arms around her and kissed her.

"After all," he remarked, "white blood calls to white blood, and a white man should marry a white woman."

"Amen," she said, as she returned his kiss.

THE END.

# Craig Biddle—Millionaire
## Merton of the Movies

(Continued from page 22)

arrived at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove, lo and behold, there was a table reserved for only two—no mamma or brother in sight!

"Mother had a headache," explained Craig, and what could a girl do but stay? Craig was so nice and attentive and understood so well just how to entertain a girl. You know those eastern college boys!

So now Craig has the inside track with Miss Perdue. Before his coming there was Gene Sarazen, champ golfer—but that is another story. Suffice it, Craig now gazes into Miss Perdue's brown eyes—and almost forgets that he is being interviewed!

"Have you attended any of these wild Hollywood parties you hear about?" I demanded.

"Oh, maybe it's only a matter of time," said Biddle, "but so far I haven't been asked."

"Oh, he doesn't smoke nor drink!" put in Miss Perdue with a perfectly ravishing glance.

CRAIG looked at her and went down for the third time.

"What's the very wildest?" I rallied him.

"The very wildest party I have attended so far is a Thursday night dance at the Hollywood Hotel. There are many prim, middle-aged ladies there who like to get a good night's rest, and so the thing ends at 11:30," explained Craig.

"How do you like the screen as far as you've gone?" I asked the rubber stamp question.

"Fine! Only I haven't gone far. You see, I haven't earned more than seven-fifty a day since I came in," he explained candidly, and a little humorously. "The first job I had was down at the Goldwyn studio, that night of the fire in 'Souls for Sale'—why, do you know, those poor extras didn't even know those horses were to run away!"

Craig literally went to work at the bottom with a pick and shovel. He played the role of laborer in "Daytime Wives."

And they do say that for a young millionaire who never did a stroke of work in his life, he gave a very good imitation of a laborer.

# Early Marriage will Protect your Daughter

(Continued from page 3)

quite the thing." We sighed, feeling very old. Mrs. Hopper laughed.

"Marriage is the cure for it," she repeated. "Marriage for the young girl as soon as she leaves boarding-school."

"And then——" we suggested, thinking of the problems that this situation frequently produced.

"Then—let nature take its course," concluded Mrs. Hopper. "After a girl is married, she can take care of herself better than before, and if she can't, that's her fault and that's all there is to it."

The tea was gone as well as the pastry, and we rose to go.

"But what about the men?" we inquired. "Do you propose marriage for them, too?"

"Naturally," said Mrs. Hopper calmly, at which we took our leave.

And all things considered, we think she's just about right.

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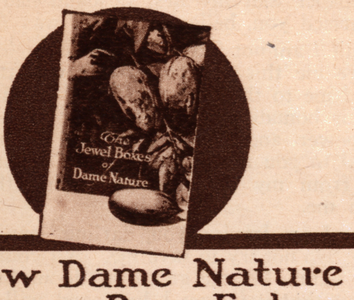


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## Must One Have Suffered to Portray Emotion?

(*Continued from page 7*)

she is a leading lady. In fact, at present she is not only the leading lady, but is the only feminine member in the cast of "Give and Take," a popular Broadway success.

"Another thing about playing emotion," Miss Collins said. "In a way it is easier to play a role that calls for weeping and wringing of hands than it is to play a character who doesn't do much of anything. It helps a lot when you have something definite to do or say, but it's hard to seem at ease on the stage or feel at home standing around trying to look natural."

"Right-o!" we agreed, having tried it in our amateur theatrical days. Those are the times when you seem to have at least six hands and one or two extra feet that you don't know where to park.

"Then," we said, looking about to make sure that the Peke hadn't chewed up our new Easter gloves, "you don't think it is possible for an actress, or actor, to portray any real emotion without having suffered."

"No," said Miss Collins.

So, you girls who aspire to see your name in electrics over the door of some theatre, take heed. Go out and suffer. You'll just have to get your heart broken, or cracked, or *something!*

## Play Reviews

(*Continued from page 15*)

of the vintage of 1839, and thus its convolutions may easily be guessed in advance. And any story which lacks suspense, lacks interest.

We have in "Suzanna" the ancient plot of the babies changed at birth, the infant of high Castilian ancestry becoming a peon child, and the peon becoming a lady. We have the venerable plot trick of the fathers who insist upon their children marrying, although said children are utterly uninterested in one another. And we have the hoary incident, plucked from Sir Walter Scott's "Lochinvar," of the hero abducting the heroine just as she is on the point of going through the marriage ceremony with the villain.

"Suzanna" is notable for a moustache-less villain and a moustached hero. We were thus fooled into expecting that the villain would turn out to be the hero in the end, but Mr. Sennett failed to grasp his opportunity. Leon Bary is the villain, and we liked him much better than Walter McGrail, the hero.

In the few opportunities for comedy which Miss Normand had, she showed flashes of her old-time early Sennett self.

Because of its attractive production, "Suzanna" is a picture which has moments of enjoyment.

Again a banal story spoils a movie.

## "You Are Hypocritical on the Subject of Sex!"

(*Continued from page 9*)

"popular" screen star in the fan's use of the word, because he will not play in the popular type of picture. He is a born artist.

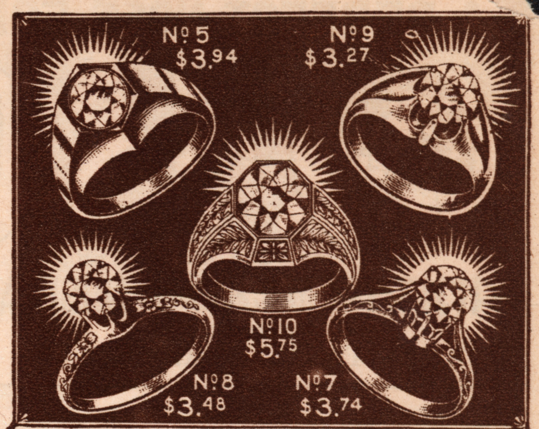
"I love beauty," he said. "And I see beauty in things that others do not think of as beautiful. I see it in the gesture of a hand, in grace of carriage. A face that is beautiful to me is one which reflects beauty of mind. Perfect features, the classic, statuesque type of beauty—they mean nothing to me."

Wherein it would appear that Mr. Schildkraut is an actor with the soul of a painter.

"When did you first play on the stage?" I asked him.

"When I was five years old I played my first role. That was in Buenos Ayres. But my father didn't want me to be an actor. He didn't wish me to have to struggle as he did. He wanted me to adopt a profession that would mean fewer hardships and disappointments."

But as I looked at Joseph Schildkraut and studied his intense, idealistic temperament, I had the very pronounced conviction that it was just as well he hadn't decided to be a business man!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## *English King Rebukes Nobility for Hobnobbing with Movie Folk*

(*Continued from page* 5)

I am sorry Charlie Chaplin has not seen fit to ask the King for an audience in this matter and have it out with him. I can't possibly see where there would be any harm in Charlie doing this. The King ought to find out for himself that our movie stars ought to be allowed the privilege of social intercourse with titled gentlemen and ladies.

People are all talking of how scandalous it was for Lord and Lady Mountbatten to make believe they were cutting hay while they moonshined on Fairbanks' lawn. But I don't see how they get that way. I never thought anything was really scandalous, unless somebody got shot, or there was a divorce or two.

NOTHING like this happened with the lawn-mowing party. It was just a quiet little friendly gathering. Then why did the King get so sore and bawl out his cousins? I can't see his logic when I remember how often he has intimated we were the smartest and richest people in the world!

Believe me, the reason is that even kings can get jealous of stars! I always thought that George was a pretty good scout, and this attitude of his in the Mountbatten case is a source of great disappointment and regret to me. Perhaps it will be a long time before I can conscientiously restore the King of England to the realm of good-fellowship in which I once placed him.

Charlie, Mary and Doug can at least be sure of one thing in this, their hour of embarrassment. The fans, and Movie Weekly, are with them in any way they may see fit to tell the King where he gets off.

The American public believes in the destiny of its three greatest movie stars and will not have their brightness dimmed by the belittling words of the King of England—or the Queen of Sheba!

## *The Girl Who Came Back*

(*Continued from page* 24)

Tears stole down her face. A sigh that could not be stifled escaped from her lips.

He was about to speak again to her, when a noise in the corridor made him turn. A maid stood there, astonished at the scene which met her eyes.

"Mr. Norries, sir," she said, "there's a policeman downstairs who wants to speak to you."

Norries released Sheila. For a moment, they looked at one another. Then Norries nodded to the maid, while Sheila, wide-eyed, clutched the table, against which she leaned to support herself. The man walked quickly out of the room, nerving himself for whatever the next moment might bring him. As he disappeared down the stairs, Sheila turned to her desk, from which she hurriedly took some paper and a pen. She sat before it and began to write.

The officer was polite.

"I got orders from headquarters to watch around here, sir," he said. "We heard that there's a man in this neighborhood that's badly wanted. I just wanted to tip you off, sir, to be careful tonight when you lock up, and to tell the lady to put all her valuables away safe for the night. This party, sir, he's no ordinary crook, but a high-class party. So I thought I'd warn you."

"Thank you, officer," Norries replied. "Here's something for your pains."

He handed the policeman a bill and hurried back into the house.

"I'd better leave her to herself a while," he told himself. So he sat down in the drawing room, and shaded his eyes with his hand, brooding thus, trying to collect his thoughts, striving to understand.

AT THAT moment, Sheila, still weeping, dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief, the better to read the note she had written. She rose from her desk, put the note on a table, and chose an outer wrap from her wardrobe. It was a flowing blue cape, which she flung over her shoulders. Quietly she went down the stairs. At the foot she could see Norries, seated in the other room, his back to her. Despairingly she gazed at him, then hurried out of the house, through the side door.

But Norries could not understand. He sat quietly for a moment, trying to think it out, but he soon realized that he had no clue to Sheila's sudden panic. So he resolved to once more confront her.

Up the stairs he hurried. Her bedroom door was opened. He looked within, and alarm overspread his features as he saw the empty room and the note.

"My God!" he whispered, as he seized it and tore open the envelope.

"Dearest Martin," he read. "It is I whom the police seek. I was afraid to tell you face to face and to see scorn and contempt come into your eyes. But I must tell you why they want me, why I must go away without seeing you again.

"Long, long ago, when I was barely more than a child, I met a man. I married him because he was good to me, but I was too young, too innocent to realize that he was not the type of man to whom I should have given my love. At the moment of our marriage, as we stood before a justice of the peace, officers entered the room and arrested us.

"He was accused of being a thief, I of being his accomplice, although I knew nothing about him. So I was sent to prison, and there I spent the years which should have been the happiest and the gayest of my life.

"I was tortured there. I was outraged. I left prison, a hunted creature, afraid to face the world, unable to earn a cent because I had been a convict.

"My husband of a moment found me. He loved me. That I knew, but, on the day on which he had found me, he was again arrested, because he had not waited for the end of his term, because he had escaped from prison. But before he left, he told me that he knew of a house where some money was concealed, a house in Rowville. He urged me to take that money, and to leave America, to begin life anew.

"I did as he urged. I stole that money, the only crime I have ever committed, and a crime which is, in my eyes, justified, because it enabled me to live happily for a few brief years and to find you, you dearest of all men.

"I didn't want to come back to America. That you know. But I came because you wanted me to come. And now they have found me. I read in a newspaper that my first husband had been killed. I married you, believing that I was free.

"But I am not free. He still lives. He appeared before me this very day. He was the man who called me to the door just now. And it is not he who is hounding me, but a man who has him in his power and who, because I did not want to reveal to you my past, because I wanted to shield you from my troubles, is sending the police to claim me.

"So I am leaving you, darling, leaving you forever. Do not try to save me. All your efforts will be in vain. Let me go to my doom, but remember always that it is you I love, and will always love until I go down into the dust. .

"My sweet, farewell.

SHEILA."

DAZED, Norries held the note away from him and steadied himself against the table. His excitement, his amazement, had grown as he read each word of Sheila's confession. Now he tossed it away from him and stood motionless, thinking, thinking . . .

At that moment a shrill scream smote his ears, the scream of a woman in pain. Norries leaped to the window of the bedroom and threw it open, gazing out upon the terrace.

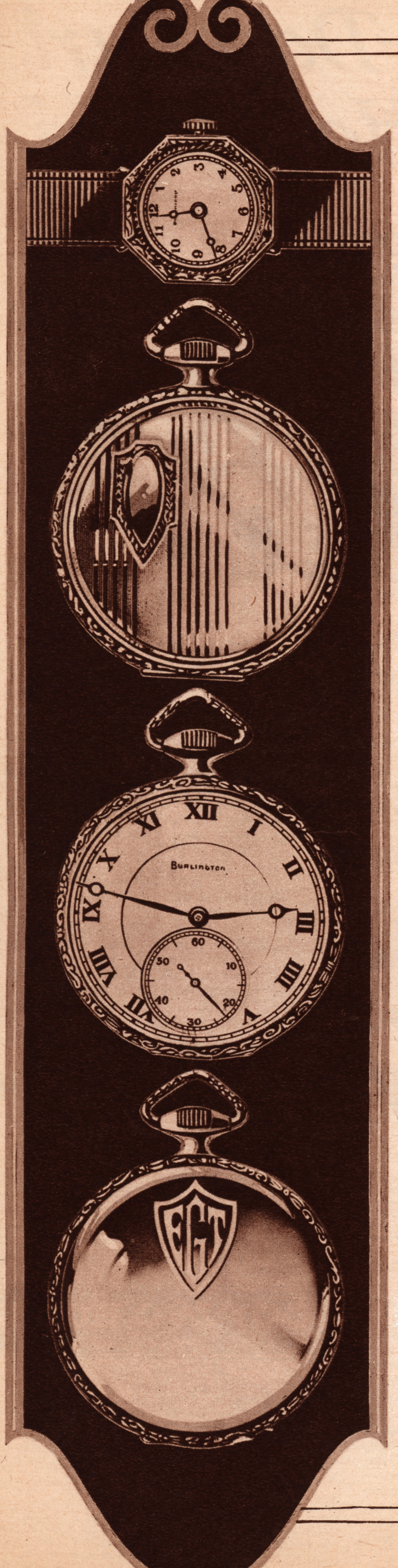
(*Continued next week*)

## *Chaplin Face Analysis*

(*Continued from page* 19)

It is well for him that he was born sad, or rather, well for the world. It was well he was born puzzled and inquiring. He plays always those slightly bewildered characters which all of us know lie beneath our pretense of absolute certainty.

His sadness gives him humor, as does his philosophy. He has made for us a perfect portrait, grotesque yet convincing, of a man who does not quite understand himself or his surroundings, or the things that other people take so seriously. Clowns are not always sad men, but great humorists always are.

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Send for this wonderful little bracelet watch. See how beautiful the dainty green gold case looks on your own wrist.

## Write

### While This Special Offer Lasts

Get the Burlington Watch Book—write today. Find out about this great special offer which is being made for only a limited time. You will know a great deal more about watch buying when you read this book. You will be able to "steer clear" of the over-priced watches which are no better. Write for Watch Book and our special offer TODAY!

**Burlington Watch Company**
19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Dept. 11-95 Chicago
Canadian Address: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg, Manitoba

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your $1.00 down offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name ____________________________________________

Address __________________________________________

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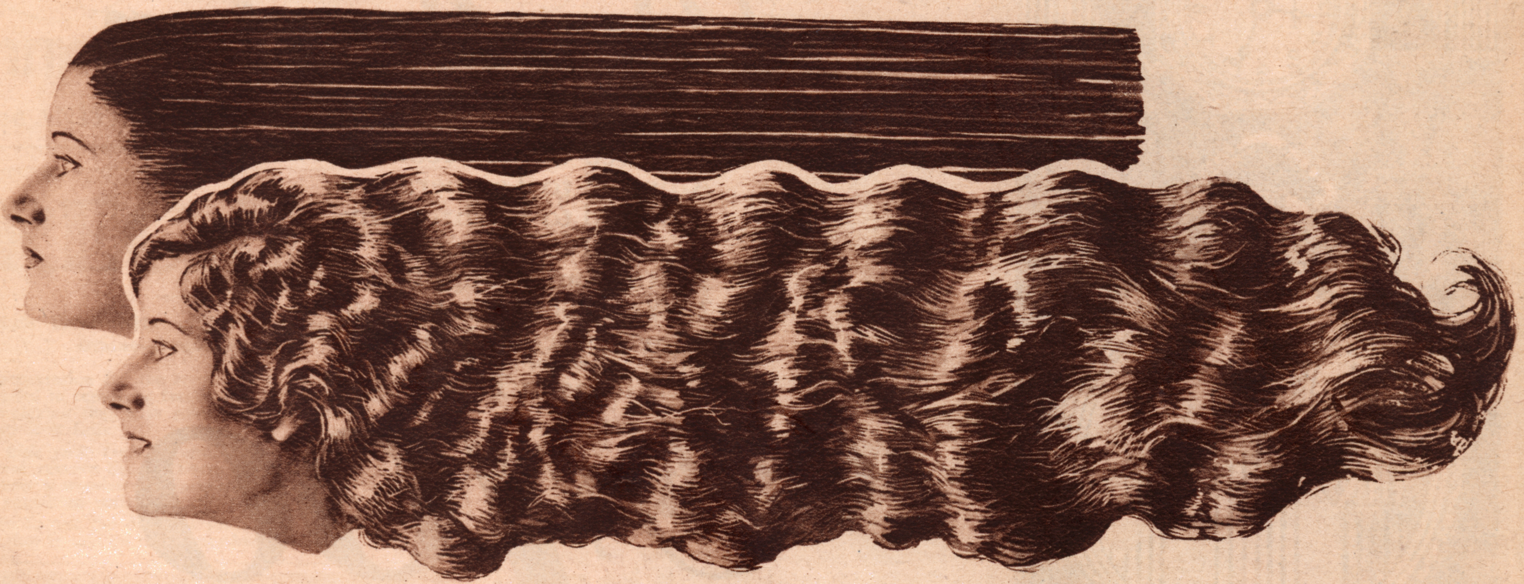
# *New Liquid Puts 7-Day Curl in Straight Hair*



## You Have Always Longed for Soft, Fluffy, Curly Hair. And Now—At Last—You Can Have It!

NO longer need you envy the girl with beautiful wavy hair! For Science has perfected a wonderful new liquid, which when applied to the most stubborn hair, gives it a beautiful permanent wave effect, making it wonderfully curly, delightfully soft, gloriously wavy.

*Just one application will keep your hair beautifully curly for a whole week—often longer!*

No matter how straight your hair may be, a single application of this new discovery—called Domino Curling Fluid—will make it fall in soft, glistening waves and naturally silky curls. Even the most lifeless hair suddenly assumes a new entrancing lustre.

### It's Entirely New

Domino Curling Fluid is entirely new! Nothing just like it has ever been known before. No occasion to do away with your tried and tested method of kids or silk curlers. But Domino Curling Fluid is something more, something different, something entirely unique. Use the same old kids or silk curlers if you wish, but before doing so moisten your hair with just a few drops of Domino Curling Fluid—and behold! A miracle of beauty will have been performed. Not only you, but your friends, will be astonished at the sudden, beautiful transformation in your hair.

### Watch the Results

A so-called "permanent wave" costs about $25 and sometimes lasts four months, often less. But *now* you can have what we consider a far more beautiful wave—full of life and fluff and you can have it now for only $1.45! Moreover, a single $1.45 bottle contains enough Curling Fluid to last you for a long time.

Just think what this means! No more costly fees to hair dressers. No more sitting for hours and hours undergoing the tortures of permanent wave methods. For in just a short time, in your own home, you can now acquire charming wavy hair that your friends will always envy. Domino Curling Fluid is *just* what you have been waiting for. On all sides beauty experts proclaim it one of the greatest beauty discoveries in years.

### Natural—Not Artificial—Curls

If you have experimented with newfangled "permanent wave" methods, you undoubtedly know how injurious they are to the hair. Not only do they often kill the natural lustre and life of the hair, but they produce curls and waves *too artificial looking* to be beautiful.

But how Different is Domino Curling Fluid! This remarkable preparation contains the very elements needed to make your hair *naturally* wavy and *naturally* curly. That is why it always adds a new charm, youthfulness and beauty to one's appearance.

Don't let your beauty be spoiled by straight dull hair. No matter how you wear your hair, Domino Curling Fluid will beautiful it immeasurably. No more straight, wispy strands—no more straggly ends. For with Domino Curling Fluid your hair will *always* be neat, well dressed, dainty and charming. Try it once —and you will be amazed and delighted with the results.

## *Permanent Wave Effect Now Quick, Cheap and Easy*

### Watch the Amazing Transformation

***No matter how straight or dull your hair may be you will be simply astonished at how Domino Curling Fluid gives it a beautiful permanent wave effect, making it wonderfully soft, wavy and charming. Just think—one application of this wonderful new liquid keeps your hair wavy and curly.***

### Special Offer—Send No Money

So that every one may test this wonderful new discovery we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a penny in advance. Simply mail the coupon below and a full size bottle of Domino Curling Fluid will be sent you by return mail. Although the regular price is $3.00, you may pay the postman the special reduced price of only $1.45 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment.

Furthermore, if you are not more than delighted with the results, you may return the bottle within five days and your money will be instantly refunded. We have backed up this guarantee with a special deposit of $10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia. Thus you do not risk a penny.

**ONLY $1.45** *Send No Money*

Already Domino Curling Fluid is bringing new beauty and charm to thousands of others—and it will do the same for you. Mail the coupon now—today. Remember, on this special offer you get Domino Curling Fluid at a greatly reduced price. This offer may never appear again—so mail the coupon at once.

**DOMINO HOUSE**
PHILA, PA.

------- SEND NO MONEY -------

**DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. C-404,**
**269 South Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Please send me one $3.00 bottle of Domino Curling Fluid. When the postman hands it to me I will pay him $1.45 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. If for any reason I am not satisfied I will return it in five days and you agree to promptly refund my money.

Name ....................................................

Address ....................................................

City ................................State ....................

*If you wish you may send cash with coupon and save the postage.*

*(Price outside U. S. $1.60, cash with order.)*

WOULD YOU MARRY A MOVIE STAR IF YOU COULD?

# MOVIE WEEKLY

APRIL 28, 1923

TEN CENTS

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Photo by IRA D. SCHWARZ

*English King Angry at Charlie Chaplin*

*"Early Marriage Will Protect Your Daughter"* says HEDDA HOPPER

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